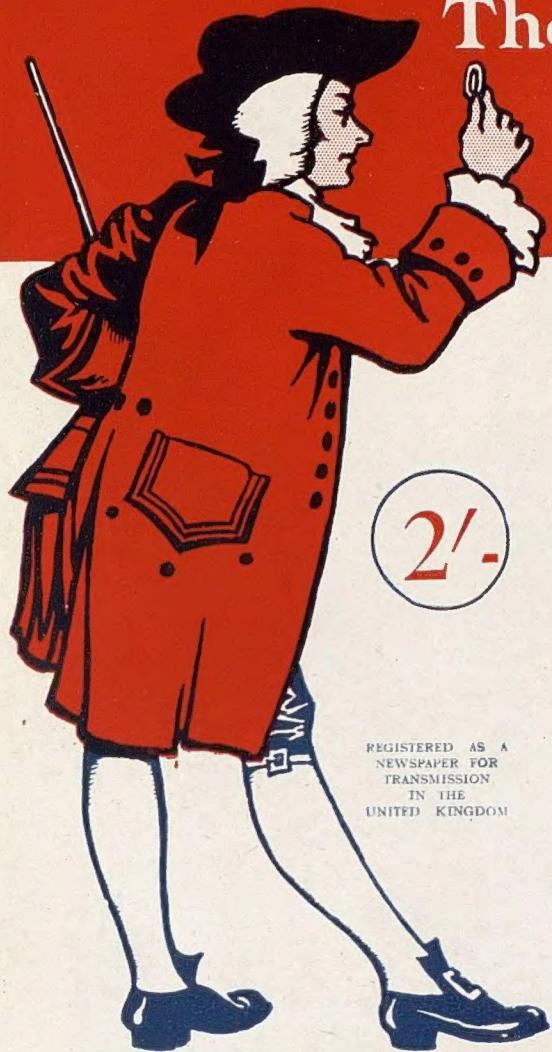


The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXVII and BYSTANDER

London
January 7, 1948



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LONDON
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Photograph by Vivienne

PHYLLIS CALVERT: THIS YEAR'S PETER PAN

Peter Pan, who is perhaps the most loved and the most envied of all characters in children's literature, is played this year at the Scala by film star Phyllis Calvert. This is her first appearance on the London stage since she appeared in *Flare Path* in 1942. In playing Peter she is, like many actresses before her, fulfilling a life's ambition. As it is the aim of many actors to play *Hamlet*, so Barrie's half-fairy, half-human boy holds a fascination for many actresses. The part was originally written for Pauline Chase, and Jean Forbes-Robertson was extremely successful in the role for many years. Miss Calvert has an able partner in her own husband, Péter Murray Hill, who takes the dual parts of the long-suffering Mr. Darling and the sadistic Captain Hook.



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



ONE morning during the holidays I walked into Piccadilly through the narrow lane that edges the club which most of us know as the "In and Out."

And Piccadilly was empty. For a few moments neither man, beast nor vehicle disturbed the stillness of the picture. Just a quiet emptiness, from the horizon of Hyde Park Corner down to the bluff of the Ritz. Not even a stray piece of newspaper tumbling along on the breeze.

If at that moment a stage-coach had come bowling down on its way to the turnpike, or a sedan chair processed towards Bath House, or a man in sleeved waistcoat, velvet-heeled shoes and tricorn hat had emerged from Half Moon Street it would have seemed entirely congruous, for there was little in view—except a Green Park without railings, and the misty heights of the Ritz—to put a date to the picture.

The moment passed, and what did emerge from Half Moon Street was a small boy, who ran across Piccadilly and into the park, still running. What was he? A choir boy late? How many small boys live in what is now almost the shop-and-office district of Mayfair?

A mystery.

Bob Cratchit—Athlete

I HAD been reading during the holidays (as I always do at that time of the year) *A Christmas Carol* by Dickens and came again on a line which has never failed to intrigue me. Bob Cratchit left his office in Cornhill "went down a slide at the end of a lane of flys twenty times . . . and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt."

Now, even if Bob Cratchit had been a crow in flight, it is all of three miles between Cornhill and Camden Town: did Bob Cratchit make a practice of running or walking this route twice a day between office and home? Or was it just at Christmas time?

Another mystery.

Or at least a reminder of the days before the omnibus when everyone did a powerful lot more walking than they do today, basic or not. At that strange and almost ghostly moment of mine in Piccadilly there was another reminder of the days of Cratchit (*circa* 1835-1840?) in the porter's rest-board almost opposite the Cavalry Club. You whistled for a porter, one came and carried your trunk or parcel on his back.

We walk these days, but we're too busy to stroll or have lost the art of it. Pavements once rich in sartorial pageantry now tend to jostled dullness—and this goes for Piccadilly, I am afraid.

It may be only a phase; I hope so.

I tried to think of some of the men who walked the pavements of Piccadilly and St. James's as late as the between-the-wars decades and who were recognizably distinguished. If liking to see a man dress the part is being snobbish, then I am a confirmed snob. I want to see them look what they are

—a man in a sports-coat and grey trousers being described as a famous Harley Street specialist gives me no satisfaction at all, although I do not suggest that all should be in frock-coats and carry stethoscopes in their top-hats.

Arbiters

ONE such was a charming man who died during the war, Sir Stanley Woodwork, who had hair of almost theatrical whiteness and who always had a flower in the buttonhole of his immaculate clothes. He was, I see by looking into *Who's Who*, a F.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. and a great many other initialled things as well. He put his recreations down as: "none."

He did less than justice to himself. His recreation was dress and I still blush at the morning when I met him in St. James's Street and was dressed in haphazard manner.

Sir Squire Bancroft was another who was a pleasure to see strolling to lunch at the Garrick across Leicester Square. He always wore, as late as the 'twenties, a tall hat, not glossy but with its top slightly rounded (I don't know its name) and a monocle with a cord.

What Sir Squire Bancroft would have thought of Leicester Square today I prefer not to speculate on. This first of the "gentlemanly" actors retired from his management of the Haymarket in 1885, and lived another forty years of London life, bringing to those 'twenties a breath of Victorian elegance.

George Bernard Shaw has been in his time a distinguished patron of West End pavements,

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Thank you, m'lord, but one cannot have a happy and prosperous New Year on a butler's salary . . ."

but you had to get up early to see him, rapidly striding along, swinging his arms, his hands always (well, every time I met him) encased in black woollen gloves.

The late Lord Chaplin was a splendid tailor's pride whose frock coats survived into the 'twenties. His considerable fame as a politician was largely credited to his distinctive taste in haberdashery and the sartorial.

And others? George Belcher who immortalized the London charlady had a pleasant taste in dress, and when he was elected to the Royal Academy—the first "caricaturist," I was assured, since its birth to be so honoured, although I have other views on that point—it was nice to see him on the pavement outside Burlington House around and about Private View time. Belcher only died a few months ago. He favoured the full-skirted coat that boasts three or four pockets in descending grades in front and a suggestion that somewhere in the hip-pocket he carried a huntsman's horn—just in case.

His great admirer was Sir Alfred Munnings, the present President of the Royal Academy, who has also a sporting taste in coloured waistcoats, ties and handkerchiefs.

Lord Rosebery's Recommendation

ONCE as a boy—it was in the Coronation year of 1910—I was introduced by my father to the great Lord Rosebery outside White's. I recognized him at once from the cartoons in *Punch*, when the paleness of his eyes was always stressed, as was at the time the baby-face of the young Winston Churchill. Rosebery's features were immobile to the point of statuesque. He struck me as a splendid figure. Afterwards I was to come to admire him from a different standpoint, for he paid tribute to the best guide of the Bob Cratchit district of London in the late nineteenth century ever written, indeed, one of the great pieces of English literature.

Said this landowner and aristocrat: "I should like every guest of mine to have by his bedside a copy of *The Diary of A Nobody*."

I have never been able to fathom how Rosebery ever came to appreciate so much the story of Mr. Pooter and his dear wife Carrie, and their estate of the Laurels which consisted of a "nice little back garden which runs down to the railway . . . the landlord said we would not notice the trains after a bit, and took £2 off the rent . . . and beyond the cracking of the garden wall we have suffered no inconvenience."

Balkan Monograph

ODDLY, I think, it is a writer who presents as correctly debonair appearance as any when he comes to Piccadilly. The bowler hat, the buttonhole and the umbrella of Mr. Evelyn Waugh are authentic, and would be accepted even in the days when members of the Household Brigade were forbidden to ride in an omnibus. (I wonder

how many realize the ramifications of democracy's growth since 1919, when George the Fifth confessed, after inspecting the vehicle known as "Old Bill" in the Palace courtyard, that it was the first time he had ever been on a London 'bus?")

Evelyn Waugh's latest work is what Sherlock Holmes might, with justification, describe for Dr. Watson as a monograph, a slender volume called *Scott-King's Modern Europe*. It has already been reviewed, in probably more words than it can boast itself, for it is a bare 20,000, although I should like to bet that Mr. Waugh knows the exact number, being a punctilious fellow, and that my estimate is wrong.

Anyone who knows the Balkans at all will enjoy the adventures of Mr. Scott-King, a "classical master at Grantchester" who accepts an invitation to a propaganda stunt. Waugh, who has such an uncanny gift for making the wildly improbable sound possible, always has to disavow any intent other than that inspired by pure imagination, e.g. a footnote in this volume, "The Republic of Neutralia is imaginary and composite and represents no existing state."

I think the capital of "Neutralia" comes nearest to Bucharest as I knew it in 1940.

Has there ever been a hotel quite so fantastic as the Athénée Palace in those days, when the espionage corps of all the European nations were ensconced there, often receiving each other's boots and even letters by mistake? I have come out of my bedroom at this hotel (opposite Carol's palace) and found a Rumanian sentry on duty with fixed bayonet, under the impression—I gathered later in the day—that it was the German military attaché's suite he was guarding. He was exactly two floors out.

Spies of all sorts could be selected in the lobby of the hotel, from the furtive and unshaven character, to the bluff and hearty sort who called you "dear old boy" and talked of the possible winner of the Grand National. One day I had occasion to hire a car to drive down to the Danube where there is a ferry crossing to Bulgaria. When it arrived I found a member of the Rumanian counter-espionage sitting by the driver, and asking me for a lift. Before we left I had three passengers. They were not so much interested in watching me as in watching each other. That was their job.

None of the trio offered to help in paying for the car but one waxed eloquent (just as in Waugh's fantasy) as we passed the spot where a few months before he had assisted at the summary execution of the Prime Minister's assassins.

Season of Mysteries

WELL— All this has come to mind through that one moment in Piccadilly (where we still use our lamp-posts strictly for purpose of illumination) and the gallery of ghosts that it conjured up that morning. It is strange that mid-winter should inspire such mixed emotions of good cheer, happy prospect, Christian fellowship and yet a delight in things ghostly: because of the long darkness which people through the ages have tried to lighten at mid-winter's darkness with some festival or other? And the festival of the solstice over, sought outlet in debating, in the darkness, the supernatural?

I don't know of any ghost mystery in Piccadilly itself, although of two a couple of hundred yards away.

The mystery as I write is why a small boy, at 9.30 a.m. (as our clocks run now) should be haring across Piccadilly in the direction of Buckingham Palace and why, in those very few seconds, there was not another moving object in view.

Gordon Beckles

AESOP'S FEEBLES

THE CENTIPEDE

Most centipedes, I think, ignore
A major European war;
Whichever side attains success
They couldn't on the whole care less;
But I knew one who differed from the others.
He lived two miles from Aldershot
And all day soldiers passed the spot
Where he would watch them marching by
With hero-worship in his eye
As if they all were long-lost elder brothers.

In fact, of course, I should explain,
To his small centipedal brain
The men weren't *separate* men at all—
The whole *battalion* seemed to crawl,
To him it was a centipede, but more so.
And what intrigued him, why he gazed,
Was simply that he was amazed
To see this creature use its feet—
That left-right-left, each side complete,
Without apparent strain upon its torso.

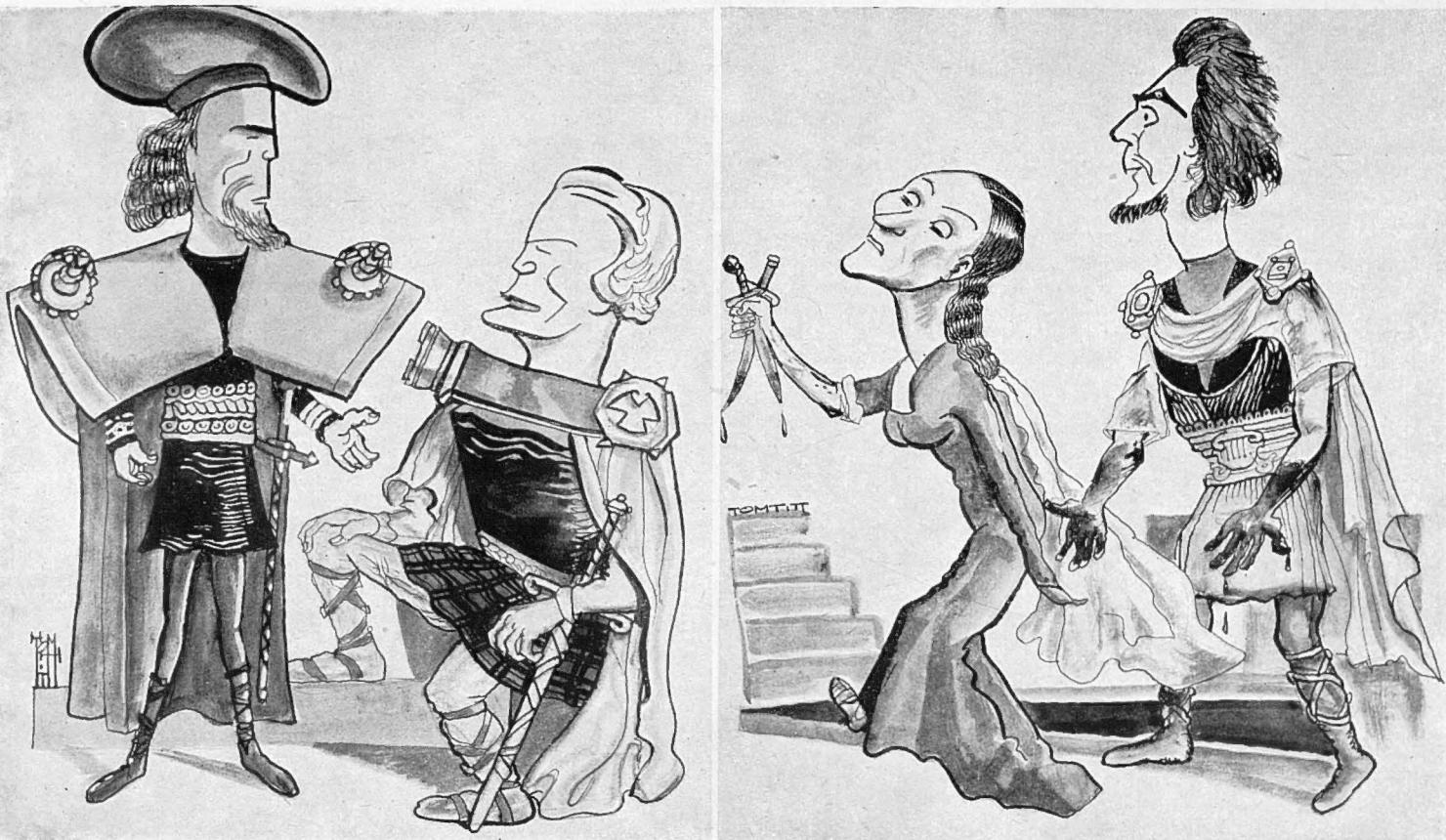
If only he had been content
To *watch* this strange experiment!
But no, the method must be tried;
And driven on by foolish pride
He fell in step with two platoons of Rifles.
The fool forgot about his tum
Which lost its equilibrium
And, listing helplessly to port,
He fell beneath . . . let's cut it short—
Why should we rack our nerves about such trifles?

Immoral: Down with Militarism.

—Justin Richardson



MR. FRANK SALISBURY, C.V.O., painter of scenes and personalities famous in modern history, is the owner of one of the most beautiful homes in London—Sarum Chase, Hampstead. He is here ascending the carved staircase, the wall of which is adorned with a fresco entitled "The Saga of Life." He has exhibited at the Royal Academy since 1899



Honest Macduff (Clement McCallin), who is murdered for his faithfulness to the dead king, counsels with the king's son Malcolm (Leonard White). **Lady Macbeth** (Ena Burrill) spurs her husband on to further villainy and loses her reason in the process, while **Macbeth** (Michael Redgrave), whose lust for power cannot save his conscience, sees, in awful premonition, the destruction not only of his rivals but of himself.

Anthony Cookman
and Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Macbeth"
(Aldwyck)

A REVIVAL in the very spirit of the times! All around are Planners, hard at work on society, often with disconcerting results; it was only to be expected that sooner or later they would turn their attention to the production of Shakespearian tragedy. The results are decidedly odd.

The attraction of this particular tragedy for planners is plain enough. Macbeth is a part which has nearly always earned the player more critical kicks than halfpence. If he is not deficient in the poetry of the character, very likely he will be found too little of a warrior chieftain. He who is soldier as well as poet has still to live, like a neurotic, in a waking dream of bloody murder. A formidable part, of which genius has often made very little. Clearly it calls aloud to be dealt with by a Plan.

IN the great old days the Keans and the Kembles touched off at the proper times blaze after blaze of histrionic fireworks. The Hazlitts and the Leigh Hunts might mark inconsistencies in their performances, but one suspects that the audiences of the day, deeply moved where they expected to be, were largely indifferent to consistency of character drawing. So long as the murder scene was heartrendingly played and the banquet scene showed Macbeth distraught between the world of reality and the world of supernatural shadows, and so forth, they cared little how the peaks were joined.

The part has grown more formidable with time. Consistency is a virtue we have come to look for, and when it is not there we are not to be fobbed off with fireworks. Mr. John Gielgud and Mr. Charles Laughton have played it in recent years. Both were tremendously exciting in this scene or in that, but since Mr. Gielgud lacked the requisite animal force and Mr. Laughton the poetry, neither, it was widely held, could be called Macbeth.

WITH planning, it seems to have been hoped, all the formidable difficulties would melt away. In a planned production, one giving a considered and rounded version of the play, virtuosity clearly would be out of place: it would be a positive disturbance of the smooth general scheme. Macbeth and his lady would not stand out from the rest of the cast, or only inasmuch as their crime picked them out. Accordingly, Mr. Michael Redgrave and Miss Ena Burrill—splendidly loyal to the ideas of the planner-in-chief, Mr. Morris Houghton—subordinate their playing to what it is hoped will be a plain, straight telling of a story of murder.

It soon appears, alas, that Shakespeare is strangely resistant to this kind of planning. He is not, after all, much concerned to make his play a well made story of murder: it is the conscience of the murderers that is upper-

most in his mind and, such is his preoccupation with this aspect of the case, that long magnificent soliloquies crop up in the very thick of the action.

And, skilfully as Mr. Redgrave plays down to the level required of him in the supposed interests of the story, the emotional effect he makes is negligible. It is true that he goes a long way towards reconciling the contradictory elements in Macbeth, but of what use, we ask ourselves, is mere psychological consistency if the man himself is shadowy and flat.

I do not remember seeing Macbeth played with more accomplishment and less effect. The tension of the murder scene is so low that its interruption at the knocking on the gate brings no sense of relief. The discovery of murdered Duncan is mere anti-climax, and the banquet scene is completely ruined by the circumstance that we see only the heads of the guests and do not know how the king's strange show of amazement and fear strikes them.

Miss Burrill, also plotting her curve within the proportions of the superimposed plan, is a decorative Lady Macbeth, not often more; and in the rest of the cast nobody attracts attention for the right reasons. *Macbeth* is difficult: yes, but planning—in the sense of levelling down—is evidently not very helpful.

THE GOSSIP BACKSTAGE

by

Beaumont Kent.

HAVING just returned from filming in Italy, Robert Atkins is beginning rehearsals in connection with his ambitious scheme to produce the whole of Shakespeare's nine historical plays in chronological order.

After a three months' tour (including a month in Ireland) the plays will be brought to London just about the time of the opening of the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. He intends to perform the whole of the cycle each week.

Atkins will appear in several of the productions himself and will certainly play Wolsey and Falstaff. A feature of his Open Air Theatre season will be *A Midsummer Night's Dream* completely re-dressed.

MICHAEL EGAN who wrote *The Dominant Sex* has a new play coming to the Lyric, Hammersmith in the week beginning January 18. It is entitled *Bred in the Bone* and he tells me that it deals with the conflict between heredity and environment on the one hand and instinct and intellect on the other. The serious motive is leavened with humour.

The cast will include Patrick Crean (who was in Gielgud's season at the Haymarket), Kathleen Michael, Gladys Henson, George Merritt, Noel Ballantyne, Donald Finlay and Jacqueline Squire.

As I have already stated, the next Old Vic production of the season will be Gogol's *The Government Inspector* which opens at the New on January 27. It offers wonderful comedy opportunities to Alec Guinness and Bernard Miles, the former as a masquerading clerk; the other as the mayor of a small Russian town. Rosalind Atkinson will be the mayor's wife and Renee Asherson his daughter. John Burrell will produce and Feliks Topolski is designing sets and costumes.

John Clements is not in *The Government Inspector* but he will play the leading part in the fifth production of the season which is yet to be chosen. He will also appear as Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew* in place of Trevor Howard from January 9 onwards.

JOHN GIELGUD who recently opened at the National Theatre, New York, in *Crime and Punishment* is definitely returning to this country in the spring in order to appear in the two new plays which Terence Rattigan has written for him. These short plays—one serious, the other a comedy—will be given in the same bill. This news disposes of the wild rumours that Gielgud intends to become an American citizen and to settle down in the States.

JASPER MASKELYNE who leads his company in a season of magic at the Westminster Theatre tells me that he has a new book coming out very shortly. Entitled *Magic Top Secret* it discloses the story of his wartime work as a camouflage officer when he invented and supervised everything from dummy men to dummy battleships and visited sixteen different countries. His Cairo office was a top secret. Hitler, learning through his General Staff that our War Office had engaged Maskelyne for this work had a cartoon produced ridiculing the use of a theatrical magician. Subsequently, however, Major Maskelyne was taken so seriously that he was placed on the Gestapo black list.

As he points out, "My family have always been mechanical illusionists more than anything else. It is only a matter of adapting oneself to deception on a larger scale, which I did, serving with my secret knowledge as my father did in the earlier war."

I HEAR that Emile Littler intends to send out a touring company in *Annie, Get Your Gun*. The cast will be wholly British, which arouses interesting speculation as to who will be found to play the exacting role of Annie so brilliantly taken by Dolores Gray in the Coliseum show.

SHOW GUIDE

Pantomimes



CASINO—*Cinderella* presented by Emile Littler. This is a magnificent anti-austerity production. Cinders is played by Carole Lynne, and Arthur Askey (Big-Hearted as ever) is once again the perfect Buttons both in size and personality.

DAVIS THEATRE, CROYDON—*Little Miss Muffet* ("who saw that spider sit down beside her") has Ethel Revnell, most precocious of precocious children, in the title role, with lovely Evelyn Laye, our most decorative Principal Boy, as Little Boy Blue.

PRINCES—*The Babes in the Wood*. Jill Manners sings entrancingly as Principal Boy, while what could be badder than Monsewer Eddie Gray's bad, bad Baron? The Babes are abducted most successfully by George Gee and Charles Cameron.

Circuses



HARRINGAY ARENA—Tom Arnold's Mammoth Circus. Presenting Chipperfield's twenty Indian elephants, Schumann's thirty horses, Christian's Dog Review, and thirty clowns with the Polo Rivals family, and innumerable stars of the sawdust.

OLYMPIA—Bertram Mills Circus. Includes Triska's White Devils, "thrills on the high wire," Edoardo, "the most outstanding juggler of all time," the Elephant Ballet, the Mills Equestrian Display, the Coco Family, "wholesale comedy merchants," and all the fun of the fair.

Musicals

ADELPHI—*Bless the Bride*. C. B. Cochran's delightful period operetta has grace, charm and music which lingers long in the memory. The author and composer are A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, and the leading singers that fine French artiste Georges Guetary and Lizbeth Webb.

AMBASSADORS—*Sweetest and Lowest*. Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever, lend their own particular brand of sophistication to the New Year spirit. COLISEUM—*Annie, Get Your Gun*. This tough and melodious musical comes from America as do its two leading stars who shine so brightly. They are Dolores Gray, who finds that "You Can't Get a Man with a Gun," and dashing Bill Johnson.

DRURY LANE—*Oklahoma!* This outstanding U.S. success is tuneful, decorative and moves with transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—*One, Two, Three!* Winnie and Sonnie Hale, whose resourceful talents lead this show, cut a million capers in their various disguises and with equal success give us a few moments of themselves.

GLOBE—*Tuppence Coloured*. Wit, sparkle and song are supplied adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, whose satire is never unkind but scores a bull's eye every time. Elisabeth Welch's singing is always pleasing to the ear, and Max Adrian is equally at home as a member of the canine breed or the most eccentric of signalmen.

HIPPODROME—*Starlight Roof*. Vic Oliver, Pat Kirkwood, Fred Emney, that immense barrel of humour, a big cast and Melachrino's music make this a vintage evening.

PRINCE OF WALES—*Piccadilly Hayride*. That master of mime and mimicry, that incomparable impersonator of the "spiv," Sid Field, takes you on a grand and glorious tour.

VICTORIA PALACE—*Together Again*. Spend several crazy hours with the Crazy Gang in the presence of Bud Flanagan, Nervo and Knox and Naughton and Gold and you will certainly shake the dust of depression off your feet.

Old Favourites

COMEDY—*Daddy Long Legs*. Matinees only except Mondays. This thirty-year-old romance is wearing well and Penelope Bartley is delightful as Judy while Anthony Hawtrey makes a pleasant Prince Charming.

PALACE—*Charley's Aunt*. This old favourite of University life in the bad old days, when play was more important than work, is more outrageously funny than ever, as are its complications and its protagonists.

ST. JAMES'S—*Treasure Island*. Robert Louis Stevenson's incomparable adventure story is here again with pirates and hidden treasure, while Long John Silver's malignant personality dominates the scene.



SAVILLE—*Sim Sala Bim*. Dante, the Master of Magic, returns with a host of new tricks.

SCALA—*Peter Pan*. This year Peter is played by film star Phyllis Calvert, whilst her husband, Peter Murray Hill, takes the dual roles of the amiable Mr. Darling and the ferocious Captain Hook—with crocodile to taste.

STRAND—*The Wizard of Oz*. This charming American fairy tale, which has much tuneful music and many endearing characters, such as the eccentric Wizard himself, the Tin Man and the Cowardly Lion, returns in a new and vastly improved form for a season in the West End.

WESTMINSTER—*Maskelyne's Christmas Magic*. Another wizard weaves his spells with incomparable mystery and surprise.

Comedies

L Y R I C (Hammersmith)—*The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger*. Superb revival of an uproarious Vanbrugh comedy, with a brilliant cast headed by Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott.

PICCADILLY—*Off the Record*. This successful naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. As are the performances of "Admiral" Hugh Wakefield, Jack Allen as the most pseudo of Lieutenant-Commanders, Bill Gates an equally at sea M.P., and Tom Gill a magnificently dumb Flag Lieutenant.

VAUDEVILLE—*The Chiltern Hundreds* by Douglas Home. A. E. Matthews's delightfully inconsequential peer, Michael Shepley's magnificent butler and Marjorie Fielding's unruffled peeress all gracefully burlesque the political scene and the art of *noblesse oblige*.

WHITEHALL—*Worm's Eye View*. R. F. Delderfield's very funny R.A.F. comedy concerns trouble with a landlady, with a landlady's daughter, and a host of complications which go to make a side-splitting evening. Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs have the leading parts.

WINTER GARDEN—*Outrageous Fortune* by Ben Travers. That absurd pair, Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare more hilariously absurd in character and conduct than ever, ramble in and out of the black market to the tune of Mr. Hare's "Oh, torment! Oh, pandemic! Oh, topsy turvy!"



Freda Bruce Lockhart

At The Pictures

Fantasy and Farce

IN honour of the pantomime season, West End cinemas have scraped together three new Hollywood comedies of different categories. Nothing corresponding precisely to the pantomime tradition exists in the cinema. But the full-length Disney fantasies and the Crosby-Hope-Lamour "Road" shows have become institutions roughly analogous to pantomime: we know what to expect of each, and expect the whole family to get some fun out of it.

Obstinate optimists may continue to claim more for Walt Disney than pantomime status. He is a genius, they still insist, the master of the film cartoon, an artist without rival in his own field. True, there are no rivals within sight. But it is his misfortune rather than his triumph that there is no competition to give stimulus to Disney's flagging imagination.

Disney has established himself more and more firmly as the monopolist of cartoon rather than its master. We have no standard against which to measure his new mechanical inventions except that of his own past achievements: the creation of characters believed in and beloved all over the film-seeing world; deadly satire, in which Madame Clara Cluck's prima donna was memorable; the incipient beauty of such miniatures as *On Ice*, where Mickey and Minnie Mouse skated with the winged ecstasy of ballet-dancers against a delicately tinted winter background.

As the fruition of that high promise, today's mass-production of gaudy grotesques, insipid sentimentality of the early English musical comedy or lower Christmas-card level, the infinite elaboration of the same crude formulae, let Disney down with a bang into the school of pantomime; and mechanized pantomime at that.

Even by pantomime standards, this year's long Disney, *Fun and Fancy Free* (opening this week at the Odeon, Leicester Square), is a disappointment. It is also misnamed, for there is little that is very funny and the fancy seemed to me as constrained, stale and mechanical as anything Disney has ever done. As so often, the nightmare sequences are the most effective. Watching the lightning flash through the Rack-hamesque grey trees I thought what any producer of Wagner operas would give to have Disney handle his "effects." Bingo the Bear swaying on the precipice edge over an infernal abyss, or hanging on the crest of a Niagara-like fall, seemed less terrifying to the children round me than Captain Hook and his plank were to me when I first saw *Peter Pan* at the age of four.

All the mechanics for a marvellous world of fantasy are here, but not the imagination to breathe life into it. The creatures of Disney's animal kingdom grow progressively less lovable, with neither life of their own nor the naturalistic charm of the chipmunks and squirrels in *Snow White*. Bingo feels as much like a bear as those caricatures which reproduce features without personality resemble their models. Nor is the attempt to blend pink and white flesh in the persons of ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and a little girl, and puppets in the persons of Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, with the cartoon creatures more than a tiresome trick. Most uncomfortable of all, however, was the suspicion that the garish Happy Valley conjured up at Mr. Bergen's bidding was really intended to be a beauty spot.

Children are notoriously the most rewarding and discerning of audiences. Those sitting near me at the Odeon seemed to confirm my own reactions: they sat for the most part politely silent during the sophisticated, sentimental or spectacular passages; only a satisfactorily simple slapstick sequence to a nice nursery tum-ti-tum tune about "a bear likes to say it with a slap" inspired the chortles and gurgles of authentic childish delight.



FAR funnier and more nearly "fancy free" is *Road to Rio* at the Plaza. A little less funny perhaps than *The Road to Morocco* or *The Road to Zanzibar*, it is still true to form as well as to formula. "Road" is included in the title by courtesy to the series, for Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are travelling to Rio by sea—as stowaways. Shivering in stolen raiment in their lifeboat, they catch sight of Dorothy Lamour on the point of throwing herself overboard to escape the machinations of her hypnotic aunt (Gale Sondergaard, finely fulfilling the function of Demon Queen). Our stowaways rush incompetently to the rescue, Mr. Crosby in his gentle spirit of chivalry, Mr. Hope as usual more cowardly in concern for his own safety and (as "Hot Lips" Barton) more blatantly predatory in his designs on the female quarry.

Whether you regard Mr. Crosby or Mr. Hope as the senior partner in folly, which of them by hook or crook gets their loyal stooge, Miss Lamour, at the end: such questions are invidious. What this surprising partnership has achieved is the rare illusion of informality, almost of spontaneity on the screen. Even at its least inspired, their insulting crosstalk sounds quite like genuine gagging; we can almost believe that such scenes as the hat-changing with the three diminutive musicians



[Decorations by Hoffnung]

picked off a Rio street, or Mr. Hope's triumph on a bubble-blowing trumpet, have not had to be taken and retaken until perfect timing was achieved.

A good deal of the "business" is as traditional as the hat trick, but the deceptive ease with which it is performed makes it seem fresh. Part of the pantomime convention is to take the audience into the joke and for this purpose *Hellzapoppin* seems to have provided legitimate inspiration: during a ship's film show Miss Lamour and Mr. Crosby chat while giant close-ups of Hope and Crosby loom ever larger on the screen behind their heads; and for the climax a troupe of Indians gallops magnificently from nowhere to the rescue. I cannot remember exactly why or rather how Mr. Hope at one point achieves female disguise, but he wears it like a perfect pantomime Dame; and the whole nonsensical show makes a wholly adequate screen substitute for pantomime in spite of some *longueurs* between laughs.

At the Empire I saw *Merton of the Movies* in probably the most favourable circumstances in which it could be seen: from the midst of a packed Boxing Day audience benevolently bent on enjoying the day off and so laughing uproariously at some elementary slapstick and Hollywood self-burlesque. The original silent version is so old that I cannot even remember whether I saw it. But the latest version is hardly likely to make film history. Red Skelton is a competent actor with a kind face, but not I think the innate comic sense required for the part of a film fan whose attempts at dramatic acting turns him automatically into a star clown; and any pathos he achieves seems due to the nice sensible performance of Virginia O'Brien as the stunt girl who befriends him.

Personally I remember smiling twice: at Mr. Skelton's drunk scene; and at his film premiere when, to escape from a bunch of toughs, he dives under the seats and we see a ripple through the audience as they are bobbed up and down. For the rest my boredom was placid, quite painless—and isolated. One man behind me snored happily; my neighbour kept admitting, contentedly, that it was "a silly film really." But it is only fair to record the evidence of my own ears that people who are determined on a laugh at all costs can find plenty to laugh at in *Merton of the Movies*.

At the Leicester Square Theatre a revival of *Great Expectations* provides restful relief, reassuring confirmation that the good British films of the recent past really were as good as we thought them at the time; and a chance to compare Jean Simmons's promising debut with the total waste of her ever since.

ISABEL BIGLEY

This young actress has taken over the part of Laurie in *Oklahoma!* from Betty Jane Watson who has returned to the States. Miss Bigley will not be twenty until next birthday, and thirteen months ago had never appeared on any stage. However, she could sing before she could speak, and as she grew up thought of nothing but singing and acting and sang frequently in various choirs. She became a secretary in the British Ministry in New York and trained at the Juilliard School of Music. One day she attended a Theatre Guild audition in a lunch hour and Jerome White, the New York producer of *Oklahoma!* hearing her sing gave her the part of understudying in that production the part she now plays in this successful show at Drury Lane



George Bilankin

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



His Excellency the Norwegian Ambassador, M. Per Preben Prebensen

Prebensen spent two years climbing the rigging of vessels carrying nitrate from Chile to Scandinavia. He rounded the Cape of Good Hope several times, ate only salted food on four-months trips, spent five years at Norway's Portsmouth, Horten.

But in 1919, when he was twenty-three, the question arose, "Why a naval career if the world has decided on no more war?" Prebensen accordingly joined the Foreign Office, served as vice-consul in Antwerp and Toronto, returning later to Norway. For six months he studied life in the raw, in the Port Committee of the Baltic tinder-box, Memel, as a League of Nations delegate strove to keep the peace between the Memeller, a German, and the envoy of the resuscitated midget republic of Lithuania. Prebensen's chief was the delegate.

MORE drama, as secretary of legation in Moscow. The British had not yet resumed diplomatic relations with Moscow, and Norway represented us in the Soviet Union following the expulsion from London in 1925 of the Russian Trade Mission. Prebensen lived in the British Embassy, and one of his colleagues was—Quisling, subsequently to give his name to political harlotry. And Quisling's special post? Supervision of British interests in Moscow!

Lent by the Army, Quisling spoke little to colleagues, busily studied astronomy, wrote a booklet. When Norway arranged a resumption of Anglo-Soviet relations, Quisling returned home, to act as Defence Minister.

Prebensen became commercial treaty director, and visited Iceland and Greece, France and Spain. In 1939 he headed the foreign trade department in the newly created Ministry of Supply. To arrange business with Britain he secured a visa from the Germans, travelled through Berlin, and motored to Calais from Brussels. During five weeks in the London School of Economics the treaty was signed. The Germans came to Oslo, signed a similar treaty, and invaded Norway three weeks later.

HIS chief, Trygve Lie, told him on April 9th, 1940, "Stay." He did, for five years, in his old post. Considerately, Quisling did not get in touch with him during those bitter, dangerous years. Part of the time Prebensen spent "underground," on the directions of the Government's envoys, part "semi-underground," working in the office but sleeping away from home.

In 1945 he was selected one of the eight directors to act till the legitimate Government returned from its wartime refuge in London. In July that year Trygve Lie made him permanent head of the Foreign Office, and he reorganised the service, the thirty missions abroad. This task over, he was offered London, "where you British are so kind and our relations are so happy." The genuine smile is its own best comment.



S/Ldr. John B. Burt, of Glasgow, with his sister and his wife (right) after he had received the D.S.O. and the D.F.C. and Bar



Lt.-Col. C. D. Harvey, of Clifton, Bristol, who received the D.S.O., seen with his mother and his wife after the ceremony

Investiture at Buckingham Palace



Air-Cdr. R. N. Waite, who was awarded the C.B.E., with his wife and sister. He is stationed in Berlin



Lt.-Col. Spencer Chapman, of Lellcroft, Capmanthorpe, York, with his wife and a friend after he had received the D.S.O.



Lt.-Col. A. B. J. Scott, of Tetbury, Glos, was decorated with the D.S.O., and is seen after the ceremony with his wife and sister



G/Capt. E. A. Beaulah, of Hucclecote, Gloucester, with his wife and daughter. He was awarded the C.B.E.



Capt. (S) Alan Beall after he had received the C.B.E. With him are his son, Cadet (S) Derek Beall, and his wife



Lt.-Col. F. C. C. Graham, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, decorated with the D.S.O., with his wife (right) and Mrs. Humphries

Dance in Park Lane

In Aid of the Edith Edwards Children's Home for Tuberculosis



Mrs. A. J. Taft, Mr. Harold Tyler and Lady Waddilove. The dance was held to help provide X-ray apparatus for the Home



Mr. and Mrs. Simpson-Taylor were among the guests at Grosvenor House



Celia Lipton, Eve Beck and Mrs Sidney Lipton, who acted as programme-sellers



Mr. Neville Morton and Miss Clara Robertson, from New Zealand, who were guests of Lady Hewitt



Lady Victor Paget dancing with Mr. Paul Benedek. Besides dancing there was bridge and a cabaret



Miss Ruth Tchernoff with Mr. Robert B. Cumming, of Chicago, who was one of many oversea visitors



Lady de Frece (Vesta Tilley), who was another guest, dancing with Dr. Gough Stewart



Lt.-Col. Knights-Trench, O.B.E., Mrs. Knights-Trench, Major C. B. Newton and Mrs. Goodman were also among those present



Mrs. C. Gordon Ham, Major J. P. Fullaton, Miss Idina Probyn, and Miss Gordon Ham enjoy a joke



The Marchioness of Carisbrooke with the chairman and organiser, Mrs. R. G. Edwards, M.B.E.



Swaebe

Lady Edith Foxwell and Her Daughter

Effecting an introduction between the pony and the donkey are Lady Edith Foxwell, wife of the film producer, Ivan Foxwell, and her six-year-old daughter, Zia. Lady Edith, who is a relative of the Earl of Cavan, was recently granted the rank of a peer's daughter. Her father was the late Capt. the Hon. Lionel Lambart, D.S.O., R.N. Mr. Foxwell served with the Norfolk Regiment during the war with the rank of major, and lives with his family at the Home Farm, Sherston, Wilts.

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

HIS MAJESTY made one of his rare appearances at a private cocktail-party just before Christmas, when he drove over from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace to join the guests celebrating the birthday of Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Royal Household, who, with Lady Legh, gave a charmingly informal party for a number of their very large circle of friends. Another private Royal party was at The Coppins, the Duchess of Kent's home at Iver, where H.R.H. entertained Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at their first dinner-party since their marriage, thus fulfilling a long-standing promise of the Duke's that the first house to which he took his bride as a guest would be Coppins, where he has spent many happy holidays in the past.

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh—who is still amused by the tendency of people to refer to him as Prince Philip instead of by his proper title—asked the King's permission to cut his visit to Sandringham short, so as not to overstay his normal fortnight's leave as a naval officer in active employment. Suggestions that his post at the Admiralty is just a "cushy job" are more calculated to annoy the Duke than anything else. He is very seriously bent on pursuing his naval career and is anxious to show the Lords of the Admiralty that he does not intend to use his new Royal duties as an excuse for playing at his Navy job. The earlier return to London which he and the Princess have planned for the middle of January has the additional merit of enabling them to make a start in settling in at their new country home, Windlesham Moor, Surrey, before the Court comes back to Town. The Royal couple are hoping to be installed there comfortably before the end of the month.

LADY MOWBRAY, SEGRAVE AND STOURTON was joint-hostess with Mrs. Eudo Stourton for a coming-out dance for Miss Veronica Stourton, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Eudo Stourton. This was held in Brook Street in a delightful house used by day as showrooms for interior decoration and antique furniture. For the dance it was lit entirely by candles, which is

always the softest and most becoming light. Although it was supposed to be a small dance there must have been over 400 guests, and at one time the ballroom was so crowded that, as it was a very mild night, many couples decided to dance in the paved garden—a most unusual sight in England in mid-winter.

The heroine of the evening, Veronica Stourton, looked very pretty in a lovely dress of green and gold brocade; she had just returned from Paris, where she has been finishing her education. Both hostesses arranged with many of their friends to have dinner-parties before the dance, which means that the young people get to know each other and the dance goes with a swing from the first moment. This one was still going merrily when I left, long after 2 a.m.

AMONG the dinner hostesses were the Countess of Rothes, Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, who looked charming at the dance and wore some of the famous Clifford diamonds and the superb Braganza ear-rings; Lady Asquith, the Countess of Gainsborough, who before her marriage this summer was Miss Mary Stourton; her mother, Mrs. Kathleen Stourton, Mr. and Lady Mary Anne Byng, Lady Cross, Baronne Lestrange, Mrs. Arnold Keppel, Mrs. Tollemache, whose daughter has recently announced her engagement to the Hon. Martin Buckmaster, Mrs. Cyril Asquith, Lady Royle and the Uruguayan Minister; and Mme. MacEachen, who had a dinner-party for twenty-four. The young Kabaka of Buganda was an interesting guest, and others I met enjoying the dance were Lord Mowbray and Stourton, who had come down from Yorkshire to be at his god-child's coming-out dance, the Marquess of Blandford, the Hon. Charles Stourton, his sister Patricia, looking so pretty in white, the Hon. Deirdre Savile, Mrs. Lloyd in red, and her sister Miss Lavinia Keppel, Miss Angela and Miss Diana Cross, both looking very attractive, Lady Caroline Thynne, Miss Raine McCorquodale, enchanting in black lace, Lady Cecilia FitzRoy, Miss Susan Cave, Miss Caroline Wise, also Miss Felicity Stourton, who looked

sweet in pink, Miss Jill Sherston, vivacious and attractive in green, and good-looking Monique Bohn.

Among the young men I saw Archduke Robert of Austria, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Vicomte d'Orthez, Mr. Humphry Humphries, Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Patrick Forbes, Lord Savile, Mr. Philip Briant and Mr. Paul Asquith.

HIS many friends in England will miss Mr. Tom Cochran, who has just returned to his home in Sydney, Australia, after six years in this country. To say good-bye he gave a delightful cocktail-party in the studio belonging to Miss Matilda Etches, the clever designer. Among the Australian-born friends I met at the party were Lady Grey-Egerton talking to Lady Stephenson-Kent, who before her marriage was Mrs. Kenneth Richards, of Sydney, and Lady McCann, wife of the Agent-General for South Australia, with her daughter Mollie, who had an interesting job with the M.O.I. in Chungking and India, and has recently returned from India and Guatemala. Very attractive Mrs. Robin Spencer, from Sydney, came to the party with the Marquess of Milford Haven and the inimitable Bea Lillie.

Other members of the stage there were Signor Dino Borgioli, the noted Florentine tenor, Dame Irene Vanbrugh, on her way to a first night, Murray Matheson, the young Australian actor now playing a part in the film *Maconochie*, and Ernest Thesiger, who was chatting to the Dowager Lady Swaythling. Mr. Russell Shepherd was there with his wife, who before her marriage was Miss Marie Hall, of Melbourne. I met Miss Pamela Myer, who flew over from Melbourne in the spring, also Mrs. Fairbairn, whose late husband, the Australian Minister for Air, was tragically killed in a flying crash on his way to Canberra, Lady Herbert, whose husband, Sir Alan, was not able to fit in the party, and Major Michael Hawkins with his very pretty wife, who comes from Sydney, and whom he met when he was A.D.C. to the Duke of Gloucester in Australia.



Photographs by Pathé

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's Two Sons at Their London Home

Prince Richard expresses firm disapproval. A delightful study of the Duke and Duchess's younger child at York House, St. James's

Prince William, who was the senior page at Princess Elizabeth's wedding. His sixth birthday was celebrated last month

DURING this year the Olympic Games are to be decided and many of the events are to take place in England during the late summer. But firstly there are the winter sport events, and it is cheering to know that Great Britain is sending a team to compete in this section of the Olympic Games, which is to be decided in Switzerland at St. Moritz from January 30th to February 8th.

Owing to the war years, and last year being the first time many people had been on skis for six years, it has been terribly difficult to pick a team to ski for Great Britain, so altogether sixty skiers, some who last year showed promise, and a few who have competed in international events before the war, have been chosen. The unsuccessful ones will be eliminated and sent home until the best twelve have been selected. There will be four men and four women to represent the British team, with four reserves. The first batch went out to Switzerland to start their training on December 15th, and went firstly to Scheidegg for two weeks, and then on to Wengen until January 12th, when they go to Mürren; they are there until January 24th and then leave for St. Moritz. Capt. J. A. Palmer-Tomkinson, who last year won an international ski-race at Davos after only three days on skis since the war, is going to captain the men's team, and Miss Isabel Roe, a fine skier, will be captain of the ladies' team.

OTHER experienced skiers chosen include Mrs. Greenland, who was last year's British champion, Mrs. Duke-Woolley, who before her marriage was Biddy Armitage and has raced a lot, Miss Philippa Harrison and Mr. Wilfred Dodd. Mr. Dodd raced successfully last year and has spent part of this winter in Canada. Several University undergraduates have gone, including Mr. W. S. Cave from Oxford, also Mr. R. A. Day, Dr. David Kemp and Mr. A. S. Brown from Cambridge, the latter having been a member of last year's University team. There are also some even younger aspirants who have shown great promise: these include Sheenah, Vora and Douglas Mackintosh, children of Mr. Christopher Mackintosh, and Lady Jean Zinovieff—their father was a first-class skier in the 'thirties—and David Butler, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler. His mother was one of the best women skiers in pre-war days. Others are Kirwin Taylor, a young Wykehamist who comes of a good games-playing family, John Fox, who is at Rugby, C. de Linde, who is at Harrow, and Michael Heald, an Etonian. There are several representatives who are in the Forces in Europe and in units at home, including Major Derek Alhusen, of the 9th Lancers, who is a likely

competitor for the pentathlon, Mr. Michael Day, Mr. John Burgess and Major Dobson from B.A.O.R.

Although it is not likely we can win this time after such a big gap in the training of the younger generation, I know the British team will make a sporting effort, and we all wish them the very best of good luck.

SIR JOCELYN LUCAS, chairman of the Hospitality Committee of the Over-Seas League, received the guests with Sir Shenton Thomas, chairman of the League, Lady Thomas, Mr. McGrath, Lady Moore Guggisberg and Marie Marchioness of Willingdon at the delightful reception given at Over-Seas House, this time in honour of distinguished Empire visitors. The party was held in the delightful panelled Hall of India. Sir Jocelyn made a short speech welcoming the guests and was followed by Mr. Noel Baker. The Hospitality Committee of the League includes Lady Monkswell, whom I met looking very chic in black, Lady Rumbold, Mr. Ralph Etherton, Mr. Haslam and Lady Forres, who was guiding a blind officer friend through the crowded room. I met Lady Wakehurst, very attractive in brown and a brown fur coat; she was renewing several friendships from the time she was in Australia, where her husband was Governor of New South Wales. Lady Cross, wife of another former Governor in Australia, was at the party with her attractive eldest daughter Angela, who took her degree in Australia. Lord Bruce I saw chatting to friends, and Gen. Bissell, of the U.S. Army, accompanied by Mrs. Bissell, was talking to Lady McCann, the charming wife of the Agent-General for South Australia.

OTHERS at the party included the High Commissioner for Canada and Mrs. Robertson, the High Commissioner for Pakistan and the Begum Rahimtoola, the Nepalese Ambassador and the Rani Kaiser, Sir John Macpherson, Mrs. McIntyre, a charming Australian who looked so nice in black with a pale-blue hat, the Agent-General for New South Wales and Mrs. Tulley, Mr. and Mrs. Temperly, who come from Perth, Australia, and told me they are returning home in a few weeks' time after an enjoyable stay here. They were accompanied by their pretty daughter, Mrs. Reid, who had arrived from Germany on a visit that morning. Her husband is in the R.A.F. and stationed out there. Air-Marshal Henderson, who works hard for the League, was busy introducing and looking after guests. I saw the Member for Chelsea, Cdr. Alan Noble, with his pretty wife, Sir Gilbert and Lady Rennie, Major-Gen. Beavis, Brig. and Mrs. Nurse,

Brig. and Mrs. Graham, Cdr. Agnew, Sir Campbell Stuart and the Hon. C. Rhodes-Smith.

I WENT to a gay and amusing cocktail party which Mr. Philip Briant and Mr. Peter Buchanan gave in the former's flat in Morpeth Mansions recently. The rooms were crowded with pretty young girls and numerous young men (it was a very young party), many of them having come straight on from their office or whatever work or study they are doing. I find most young people are now occupied by day, and if they are not already in a job most of them are studying for a trade or profession. Lord Savile, who takes his politics seriously, was at the party with his sister Deirdre; Mr. Christopher Hodson, who is following in his father's footsteps and is a barrister, was there with his sister Anthea, and Sir Anthony Meyer, who has worked hard at the Foreign Office since he left the Army and is going to make the diplomatic service his career, brought his pretty wife. The Hon. Patricia Stourton, who has worked at the Foreign Office since the war days, was there, and so was her brother Charles, who works in the City.

There was a pianist playing in one of the rooms during the evening, which added gaiety to this very good party, where both hosts were indefatigable in looking after their guests, who also included the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough's three elder daughters, Miss Rose Asquith, pretty Miss Rose Grimston and her brother Robert, Miss Raine McCorquodale, who is studying art, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lloyd and her sisters Bridget and Lavinia Keppel, Mr. Patrick Forbes, Prince Michael Obolensky, the Hon. Marigold Fitzalan-Howard and her sister Miriam, who is doing secretarial work, also another sister, the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Emmett, who was married last summer, Miss Venetia de Winton Wills, Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson, who has the interesting job of reading stories for a film company, and Mr. Ashley Ponsonby.



"But soft, I am observed." Prince Richard casts a cautious eye around as he sets off for a walk

Children's Party for the Dockland Settlement



Lady Muir Mackenzie, wife of Sir Robert Muir Mackenzie, with her six-year-old daughter Catriona. The party was held at the Park Lane Hotel



Lady Edward Hay, a relative of the Marquess of Tweeddale, with her granddaughter, Christina Buxton, aged three-and-a-half



Sixteen-month-old Deborah, held by her mother, Mrs. D. Gordon, registers happy repletion



Peta-Carolyn Stocker, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Anthony Stocker, is keyed up for the bang, but Hugh Sawyer awaits it with masculine nonchalance



Guests at the farewell party given at the Savoy to celebrate the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's departure for an extended season at the Century Theatre, New York: Darrell Fancourt, William Morgan, Mrs. Fancourt, Dr. C. Budd, of Cambridge, Denise Findlay and Mr. Allan Robins, of "The Times"

The D'Oyly Carte Company—Off to New York



Martyn Green, who plays the principal male roles



Thomas Round (tenor), Margaret Mitchell (soprano), Master Ellis Round, Joan Gillingham (soprano) and Thomas Hancock



Mr. Godfrey (conductor), Mrs. Osborn, Leonard Osborn (tenor), Mrs. Watson, Richard Watson (baritone), Charles Dorning (tenor) and Mrs. Godfrey. In the first week's U.S. booking over 100,000 dollars were taken, and seats for the first seven weeks were sold out in a fortnight



Radley Flynn, Mrs. Grace Lovat Fraser (designer), Helen Roberts (soprano), Richard Walker (baritone) and Ella Halman (contralto)



Miss Sally Wardlaw and Lord Dunboyne, who succeeded his father in 1945



Sitting out between dances were Mr. Geoffrey Loyd and Miss Sheelach Maturin-Baird



Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld, Bt., Lady Paston-Bedingfeld and Lord Amherst of Hackney



Miss Mary Bel Thomas, Mr. Yates and Mrs. Turner were among those having supper



Débutantes pose at the Dorchester with the giant Christmas cracker at the Ball, which was in aid of the Caldecott Community for Children. They include: Miss Evangeline Banks, Miss Joy Bowyer, Miss Ann Cowan, Miss Dawn Dalrymple, Miss Joy Foster, Miss Audrey Morgan-Grenville, Miss Felicity Ingleby Mackenzie, Miss Joy Ramsden, Miss Janet Ross, Miss Hanna Stiassny and Miss Elizabeth Wadsworth

The Yuletide Ball



The Hon. Lelgarde Philipps, sister of Viscount St. Davids, Princess Danush, Miss Sally Wardlaw, Mrs. Grose, Lady Honor Llewellyn, daughter of the Earl of Lisburne, and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld, who was formerly Miss Joan Rees, of Llanelli



Mrs. Roger Jones with Miss Joyce Colebrook and Mr. Allan Shepheard



Mr. Peter Samuelson and Miss Jean Miller had just finished supper



Nobel Prize-winners in Stockholm

During the celebrations of King Gustav V.'s fortieth year on the throne, the King presented the annual Nobel prizes in the Concert Hall at Stockholm. The prize-winners seen here are Sir E. V. Appleton (Physics), Sir Robert Robinson (Chemistry), Mrs. and Mr. Carl F. Cori, U.S.A. (Medicine and Physiology), M. Bernardo A. Houssay, Argentine (Literature), and Professor G. Domagk, Germany (Medicine and Physiology), who received the prize awarded to him in 1938.

Priscilla in Paris

Theatre Round-up

DURING the fortnight that preceded *les Fêtes*, the dramatic critics were run off their legs. With the revival of M. Denis Roche's adaptation of Turgenieff's dramatic comedy, *A Month in the Country*, the Comédie Française has given us a most exquisite production. There were the enchanting crinoline frocks, the graciousness of Mme. Suzanne Lilique's later nineteenth-century décor, and the polished acting of such famous *comédiens français* as Mme. Yvonne Gaudeau, MM. Jean Meyer, Jacques Servières and Jean Davy.

To these must be added the amazing performance of a very young girl, still a pupil at the Paris Conservatoire of Acting, who literally "stole the show." The amusing story of this success is that when Mlle. Jeanne Moreau presented herself for the entrance examination at the Conservatoire the judges refused to pass her in as a pupil, but set down her name as: *aspirante*. Such are the niggling niceties of most French administrations.

The Comédie Française always engages its "crowds" and "supers" amongst the students of the Conservatoire. Mlle. Moreau "walked on" the stage of that great theatre in one of the classics. She was noticed by a Societaire who, when *A Month in the Country* was being cast, remembered her young, intelligent face, and the rest of the story enters theatrical history as an instance of that rare thing: an overnight success.

François Mauriac is too great a writer for a play that comes from his pen to be dismissed as a "flop," but *Le Passage du Malin*, of which the gala première, attended by President Auriol, all the Ambassadors, all the notabilities and all the notable also-presents, took place at the Théâtre de la Madeleine, fell

far below the expectations that we entertained after the brilliant success of his two first stage ventures, *Asmodée* and *Les Mal Aimés*.

Jean-Louis Barrault's repertory season at the Théâtre Marigny is in full swing and has become, in its way, the Parisian "Old Vic." His latest effort, Molière's *Amphitryon*, with his lovely and clever wife, Madeleine Renaud, Jean Desailly, Jacques Dacqmine, André Brunot—all names that have been made familiar to British readers by James Agate (whom we miss so terribly)—and Barrault himself in the rôle of Mercury, is, once again, an utterly perfect Barrault production. The acting, the décor and costumes by Christian Bérard, and the music by Poulenc all combine to ravish our senses. It is an entertainment that one could see over and over again.

Of the pantomime-ballet affair that fills the latter part of the programme I have little to say, and care less about saying it. It is a ballet-pantomime for amateurs who—exception made for Barrault and Madeleine Renaud—can neither

dance nor mime. Bérard's setting and costumes are terribly *déjà vus*, and I am not an admirer of George Auric's tinklings.

At the Théâtre de Paris there is a French adaptation of Patrick Hamilton's play *Gaslight*, produced in London before the war and magnificently played by Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. It was given in the States under the title *Angel Street*, and as *La Rue des Anges* it appears on the hoardings over here. This is another fine production, with its heavy Victorian hangings, stuffed—and surely moth-eaten—animals, antimacassars, Japanese fans, draped sofa, bell-rope and ornate picture frames.

Raymond Rouleau is the villain of the play. He is a great screen as well as a stage actor, and has surely been seen in some of the French films that have reached London. The leading lady, Françoise Lugagne (Mme. Rouleau), gives a fine but very different performance from that of Ingrid Bergman in the film taken from the play, and again a newcomer comes in for a big share of success in the part of the pert little parlour-maid. Remember the name: Janine Denayer.

There is a new triangle play at the Gymnase, with an outstanding third act. It is called *Retour*. It might also be called "The Husband, the Lover and the Lady" or "The Return of the P.O.W." The titles I suggest explain the theme. As in one of Henry Bernstein's dramas, *Le Messager*, of which the *Retour* is somewhat reminiscent, "the lover 'tis that dies," and all is forgiven and, one hopes, forgotten. But it was midnight when the curtain fell and it would take another play to tell us how often, in future years, the husband referred to the matter again at times of domestic stress.

Voilà!

• A new literary club has been started in Paris, that of "The Hirsute Poets." This by way of a joke, for they are all as bald as coots. One of them went to the barber's for a hair-cut. The man looked at him and said: "You can put your hat on again, but please remove your collar."



King Gustaf at a ceremony in the Council Hall, Stockholm, at which the Governors of the Provinces paid homage to him. On his right are Princess Ingeborg and the Crown Princess, and on his left Princess Sibylla with the Hereditary Prince Carl Gustaf and Princess Margareta of Denmark. The Crown Prince and Prince Bertil are standing behind them.



King Faisal prepares one of his model aeroplanes for flight. Careful adjustments are needed, demanding much concentration and steady fingers

"The Tatler" visits—

KING FAISAL OF IRAQ AT PLAY

Twelve-year-old King Faisal II. of Iraq is as fond of playing with toys as other children, and these pictures of him flying a model aeroplane reveal the charming intentness and interest in machinery characteristic of boys everywhere. He is here in the grounds of the Iraq Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, where he also follows his hobby of photography and watches, rather wistfully, other children going to play in the Park. Up to now King Faisal has had a private tutor,

Capt. Julian Pitt-Rivers, but he will in future go to one of the newest public schools, Bryanston, in Dorset, thus joining the large number of rulers who were taught in their youth at British educational institutions. Although so young, Faisal has already been a King for eight years, having succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in 1939. During his minority the country is being ruled by his uncle, H.R.H. the Amir Abdul Illah, who visited this country recently



The H.A.T.O.—Hand-Assisted Take-Off—system is used for this type of aircraft, and very effective it is



A rough landing has made a major overhaul necessary, and perhaps a new propeller will improve performance—



—out of all knowledge. And it does indeed, to judge by the rapt expression on the young King's face as he watches his toy climb away



Decorations by Wysard

"... ordering a lot of important guests back to their rightful places"

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

WHY Caliban has decided to spare the terraces of Regent's Park, the last memory of Nash's London, we wouldn't know, unless Caliban was cockeyed at the time.

Only one thing, a resident of York Terrace assures us, mars the spacious dignity of life in those parts, namely the overhanging dread that some night the lions and tigers in the all-too-adjacent Zoo will break out and eat the inhabitants. In the Late Victorian and Edwardian eras good form and natural frigidity prevented panic, but nowadays, when the night-wind bears those sinister roarings southward, many a bedroom facing the Park is a raving den of paranoia, this chap thinks.

Afterthought

HAD the worst happened in the Golden Age it would doubtless have inspired an interesting *Times* correspondence.

SIR—As a big-game hunter of some experience may I correct Major Groffin? The wind on the night of the unfortunate occurrence in Cumberland Terrace was ideal. The spoon (etc., etc.). When I was in 'Nbongo in '75 with poor "Grubs" Golightly (etc., etc.).

SIR—Animal-lovers will stand aghast at Professor Gowle's assumption that the lioness "Queenie" enjoyed her late escapade! To devour a Civil Servant Class I is a gastric ordeal (etc., etc.).

SIR—Surely Mrs. Cooke Cooke-Cooke is misinformed? The ordinary upper-class (or upper-middle-class) London civilian tastes like the most delicate pork. Tall hats are flavourless, and I gather the tigress "Poppy" did not eat Sir George's hat, in any case. Obviously (etc., etc.).

An eloquent leading article, like (as H. G. Wells once said) the voice of Somebody of the Highest Importance warbling through three thicknesses of woollen blanket, would naturally sum up. Auntie, old baggage, our dumb chums are letting you down.

Contretemps

At the Olympia Circus luncheon this year, as often before, we had an uneasy feeling that a smart figure in pre-war military Balkan uniform with waxed moustaches, an eyeglass, and a long wicked whip might suddenly come striding between the gay tables and order a lot of important guests back to their rightful places.

Each year we visualise the ensuing embarrassments, amid low, polite murmurs:

"Sir George must have got out again."
"Influence."

"I didn't see him balancing any coloured balls on his nose during the Chairman's speech?"

"I expect he was afraid of Ernie Bevin."

(Crack, crack.)

At this year's Circus the sea-lions look so much like a couple of magnates we lunched next to that it seemed obvious or P.E.N. Club plagiarism. The Prime Minister, we observed, gave them an odd look while sipping his pre-luncheon sherry. Had he met them before? ... Ramsbotham! Sir? Look up the Party photographic dossiers, File P/47/B 9, Section F(b). Yes, Sir, here they are. No, no, no, no, Ramsbotham! How many more times must I tell you to keep the Yard, Circus, and Party dossiers quite distinct? Sorry, Sir.

Rout

ON the night of November 8, 1749, Horace Walpole was held up and robbed by a highwayman in Hyde Park (as it might be today). Advertising a 20-guinea reward for the return of his gold watch a day or two later, he got a reply from the highwayman signed "A.B. & C.D.", which letter was sold at Christie's the other day for nine pounds; unfortunately not to us.

One fascinating aspect of this adventure is still missing. We know a pistol went off and grazed the supercilious and priggish Mr. Walpole's cheekbone; we know that he dismissed it with a tra-la-la to his friend Sir Horace Mann in Venice; but we don't know what his dialogue with the highwayman was, any more than we know what was said when a footpad stuck a revolver into a citizen's ribs in Hyde Park and robbed him about three weeks ago. In Walpole's case this would make highly diverting reading, since Mr. Walpole never lost his icy poise. Our guess is that he was too upset to floor the fellow with one remark which is infallible:

"I have but one word, my friend, to describe your conduct—it is un-English."

"Oh, my God!"

(Highwayman reels back, hands over eyes, a broken man.)

This never fails, as any British magistrate knows. Definition of the operative word, from

an ironic French treatise on language we possess:

"Un-English: Ce mot a le sens d'immoral, de particulièrement répugnant."

Lure

RAVISHED by the recent queues for the Van Gogh Exhibition at the Tate, one of the gossip-boys cried in ecstasy that here is an indication of London's culture.

It might equally be (we thought sympathetically) that there isn't very much for the inhabitants of London to stare at nowadays. Horses used to fall down in happier days. Passing citizens used to collapse in fits, real or simulated. Holes in the road with honest men working were frequent. All these free and entralling spectacles seem to have vanished. Moreover the citizenry sees its Lord Mayor only once a year. Hence the Van Goghs might be regarded chiefly, perhaps, as a godsend to London's swarming rubbernecks; the more so because Van Goghs don't make the observer feel ill, like that Watts picture—formerly Exhibit A at the Tate—of the lady sitting on a spinning globe, playing a harp with broken strings; a racking feat. The highly ironic title of this picture is *Hope*.



Footnote
No Van Goghs can take the place in public esteem, we guess, of the citizens who used to fall down on the pavement in fits, one of whom we knew. He practised in Hampstead and Regent's Park on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and in Chelsea and South Kensington on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. After being tended by the kind-hearted he borrowed the fare to Surbiton, where his dying mother lived. He did a great deal of good by inspiring the Race to charity, and might have done well in Big Business but for that fatal habit of letting the suckers down lightly. A minor operator, as the City would say.

Lazaretto

NOWHERE has Mr. Hugh ("One-Bath-A-Week") Gaitskell's recent ukase on austerity-washing been obeyed with greater enthusiasm (our spies report) than at

the Old Joybox in Portland Place, a lazarus-house at the best of times.

Washing is now so rare in those marble halls, apparently, that on many doors you find crosses roughly chalked, with the inscription "Lord, have mercy on us!" as in the Great Plague. At the end of term departmental heads make an issue of this in their confidential reports to the Board, thus:

"Dusty" is septic from choice, the little rascal, but "Wiggles," makes himself dirty owing to his wayward habit of touching Talks Dons as they pass. Owing to a technical bitch "Frowsy" faced the mike recently with clean ears and has been fearfully ragged for it. A questionnaire by my Public Relations Officer reveals that the public does not give a hoot whether the boys wash their necks or cut them....

The same public apathy, alas, extends to Fleet Street. What do you care if yesterday's sensational Page One Lead, throwing you into a high state of coma, was written by a thinker suffering from dandruff, inky nails, and a racking hangover? You rats.

Weltschmerz

CARRYING on about "Schumann's moody charm," a critic moved us to wonder what the devil Schumann had to be moody about in that cosy pre-Bismarck Germany, full of lilac and Leberwurst, romance, roast goose, Christmas-trees, pie-faced blondes, innocence, Munich beer, and song.

We find that a basinfal of Kant in youth started Schumann off, and he was soon perceived "weeping over Schubert's songs," which fixes him. The boy was a born wet-bob or gusher, a serious Dickens character, a citizen of the Cascade Age, when life was far too easy, as one gathers from complaints lodged nowadays by Schumann-esque contraltos with massive bediamonded brows heaving like a six-masted tea-clipper in a southwest gale:

To my heavy laden heart
Sweet Spring brings no solace,
I know not why . . .

All else failing, these tearful ones should have met the poet Oliver St. John Gogarty, who has a pretty wet spell to begin with in a fine sonnet called *The Two Despairs*:

Hell's river nine times folded carried down
Hope's wreckage . . .

It ends, however (the poet having meanwhile sensibly consulted a wise man), on a note of optimism, and even cheer:

And I had scarcely questioned, when the sage Said: "Take these little tabloids for the packed Condition of your intestinal tract."

Now if Schumann had made a nice song about that . . .

Gift

Goon jokes about wine, a chap was observing in a weekly paper recently, are rare. He rightly conjectured that good wine is too lofty and sacred to joke about. He likewise omitted the only supremely good crack about wine in the English language.

Vivacious Professor Raleigh made it, impromptu, at a dinner-table where a fussy host was producing a *vin de paille* he had (he said) direct from the Rhône Valley. After rolling a sip pensively round his tongue, Raleigh sighed and murmured to his neighbour:

Minds innocent and quiet take
This for a Hermitage . . .

Nobody could beat that, we dare aver. Nobody should try, anyway, the proper attitude for mankind being that of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose tremendous poem *In Praise of Wine* rises to such a climax of noble music:

So touch my dying lip*, so bridge that deep;
So pledge my waking from the gift of sleep,
And, sacramental, raise me the Divine:
Strong brother in God and last companion, Wine.

Murmuring this once in the presence of a Yahoo, we asked him what he thought of it. He coughed drily and said: "As I never touch alcohol I couldn't say." We waited for the lightning to strike and consume this beast forthwith, but it never came. *Alcohol!* And there are thousands of his kind in these islands alone.

"The Tatler's" artist EMMWOOD, begins a new series

THE WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 1)

To Emmwood's lot has fallen one of the most exciting events of a naturalist's life. He has found, isolated in a bosky thicket by a silvery brook, an entirely new sub-order of the class Aves. His designation "Warblers" is, perhaps, the justifiable exaggeration of a proud discoverer; most people would describe the characteristic note of these birds as a shrill, unmusical croak. However, the interest, if not the beauty of this sub-order is superlative, though at times tinged with the macabre



The Westminster Leader Linnet—or Wurid Widgeon

(*Ocaeherbae-Heevituyu*)

ADULT MALE: General colour above rather pale, inclined to redden when flushed on its perch; the dome of the head is without appendages, though it is extremely tufted to the rear of the mandibles and below the beak; beak curved and bluish; lower mandibles blue; body feathers sombre in colour; shanks slender; feet often appear to be going both ways at once, Left and Right. Somnambular bird.

HABITS: This little bird, though a very important member of the Westminster sub-order, is very seldom heard. It is usually to be found roosting, in a most amusing manner, with its feet above its head and its wing coverts folded

across its breast. It will maintain this attitude for long hours, only stirring to amend its movements; at this time it will utter its plaintive little cry, a kind of "itwilbeorlite," repeated many times. It has been attempted to broadcast the Leader Linnet's song from time to time, but never with any great success. In spite of its retiring ways the bird appears to be very popular, from a national point of view.

HABITATS: In addition to roosting in Westminster the bird leads a chequered career in the country. It is very often to be seen as it pops in and out of the more famous culs-de-sac around Whitehall.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beresford with their children, Elizabeth and John, and their dog, Sandy, in the garden of their home at Shiplake-on-Thames, Oxfordshire. Jack Beresford is the well-known Olympic oarsman and sculler, and captained Great Britain's team at the Olympic Games in 1936. He is now a member of the Organising Council for the 1948 Olympic Games

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

WHILST it is very encouraging to see so many owners anxious to get a Grand National ticket for their horses by winning the necessary three-mile steeplechases with them, I am still tied to my fox about the four-milers, which Mr. Hislop first suggested. "The little more and how much it is!" Plenty of them look full of running at the end of three miles, and have hardly touched a twig the whole way, but what assurance can this give us that they will act the same when another one-and-a-half mile is cocked on and every fence they meet is capable of hitting back? I suggest that it might be a very good thing if there were at least two meetings, instead of only one, at Aintree before the National, and that this would not only serve to weed out the improbables, but might also save owners' pockets when they were given visual proof of their possessions having small chance of survival in the Great 'Chase.

Seeding Steeplechase

IT is submitted that this suggestion for a seeding meeting has much to commend it. Nothing that happens at Aintree in November is any real assurance beyond, perhaps, showing that the fortifications do not put the cold creeps into any particular animal; but if, say, in late December or early January a four-mile Test 'Chase were inaugurated, it might be very informative indeed. If, coupled with this, there were a number of four-mile 'chases at less formidable courses, much good might accrue. These short-distance steeplechases over comparatively easy obstacles do very little good; in fact, they may do harm in that they encourage horses to chance them.

Some other good horses have qualified since a recent note on Silver Fame (who, I think, deserves top place, since we know that he can get the National distance), amongst them Mr. Radmall's Klaxton, two straight off the reel at Sandown, the second time giving the thick end of a stone to Luan Casca (fell in last year's Grand National) and Parthenon, another 1947 National casualty (twelfth fence), who won in good style at Birmingham on December 12th. He is another of Lord Bicester's, but I prefer Silver Fame of all possible challengers on offer at the moment. There is also that Sefton winner,

War Risk, if he gets to the post sound and well, and likewise the up-and-coming Cool Customer and Cromwell, both most promising.

There is likewise this recent purchase, Lord Bicester's Roimond, who has won convincingly at Kempton and Lingfield, and is ticketed a certain competitor in the Grand National. Lord Bicester would appear to hold a particularly strong hand, and is quite the right man to play it. Roimond has attracted much attention, but I still believe that it will be wise to remember Silver Fame and what happened in last year's National. He was going as well as anything in the field when he was brought down and he had jumped well all the way.

The Bihar Light Horse

THE following letter dated November 17th arrives to me from Mr. V. E. Davis, I.C.S., writing from Dholi Kothi in the Moazzafarpur District of Bihar, together with the note, which is subjoined:

I have noticed on several occasions references in your Tatler column to the Bihar Light Horse.

It has occurred to me that you might, therefore, be prepared to make some reference to its demise, and that the attached note may be of some help.

This is the note which my correspondent sends me:

"The Bihar Light Horse officially ceased to exist from midnight of the 14th-15th August, 1947, when all A.F.I. units were disbanded. But the winding up naturally took some time, and the final obsequies had to wait till the 18th November. Invitations had been issued to all ex-members of the Corps, and to their wives and friends, for a dinner-dance at the Moazzafarpur Club, which had been the scene in the past of so many regimental celebrations. It was a grand party. In the course of the evening Major-General H. Stable, G.O.C. Bihar and Orissa Area, made presentations of pieces of the regimental silver. It had been decided by a committee appointed by the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel W. R. N. Kemp, that this very fine collection should be distributed to members who had some special claim by reason of long and efficient service, except that one good cup should be given to Brigadier Collingwood, the son of the founder and first commanding

officer, and two selected pieces should be offered to the United Services Museum, London, and to the British High Commissioner in India to be preserved in memory of a very distinguished cavalry regiment. The latter has already accepted the gift, and his representative was present to receive it. Among others who received trophies were two veteran members, "Barney" Hickey, who had belonged to the regiment for about fifty-three years, and "Ney" Harvey, his junior by only a few months.

A history of the Bihar Light Horse is in the printers' hands and a copy will shortly be sent to all ex-members, together with a special memento in the shape of a silver-plated replica of the regimental badge—the wild boar.

To us in North Bihar the passing, inevitable though it was, of this fine old regiment is another great break with the past, but we are grateful for the memories that will remain with us of its spirit and its comradeship."

Is it Wise?

THOUGH the disbandment of the Bihar Light Horse and the many other good yeomanry cavalry units scattered far and wide over the Indian Peninsula was certain, since they were composed exclusively of white men, the wisdom of decreasing the defensive potential is debateable, just as much so as is that of splitting the Indian Army. These Light Horse regiments were raised with the primary object of preserving internal order, but were liable for employment in the general scheme of defence of India in an emergency. If, as is recognised in high military circles, such an emergency may well arise in a future not comfortably remote, then the diminution of available force to resist it is a cardinal error.

These Light Horse regiments would have taken a considerable burden off the shoulders of the two armies now existent in India, which will be compelled by force of circumstances to sink their differences and fall into line for self-preservation and to operate under one command. That this fact is not realised at this moment is lamentable, for, in the ultimate event, there may not be much time in which to prepare a well-co-ordinated plan of operations. The present attitude of those whom it must deeply concern is myopic, to put it no higher. The full information as to the situation is open to both armies.





Rene Paul, who won the Amateur Foil Championship of Great Britain last year, was in the home team



Harry Cooke, also an International fencer and a former Amateur champion, talking to Mrs. C. R. Hammersley

Scoreboard



NOT only fiddling numbers, but also riddling words; as Sir T. Beecham remarked to the Second Violin who asked where they'd got to. "Slips are fatal." So says my morning newspaper, combining truth with beauty. Never, even if you can, read beyond the headlines. Just leave the rest to nature, and conjecture.

Slips are fatal. Which slips? Which slip is the slip, miss, for Islip? I beg your pardon. That's a typographical and typical slip of my third secretary; an excitable girl, given to punning, and pulling crackers by herself. Once again, which slips are fatal? Those which the bank manager hands across the counter with a galvanic smile? or the ones you wear on the beach at Margate? More likely still, the rotten row that sleeps between third man and the wicket-keeper, the dormitory of dummies. You'll know them by the hollow boom of their kneecaps.

TO-MORROW to Rye; to the tournament for the President's Putter of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, to see that wonderful player, Leonard Crawley, advancing with measured purpose, militant moustache, and subfusc ankle-socks to the defence of his title.

Last year, he and the left-handed P. B. Lucas played out the final. Together again a few months later they won a foursome for Great Britain against the United States in the Walker Cup at St. Andrews. Crawley made hardly a mistake, and Lucas, after a sketchy two holes, gave a show of iron-play which drew lyrics from spectators who'd said nothing but "aye" for fifty years.

Rye is a lovely seclusion, an effortless rebuke to the more public insanities of man. It abounds in those side-streets which, to the eye of the saunterer, frame nature's photographs, the miniatures of eternal England. I sometimes doubt if its great novelist and American guest, Henry James, quite, so to speak, understood or was, as it were, in sympathy with its mariners and sheep.

I fancy E. F. Benson, Rye's whilom Mayor, knew more exactly what was going on behind the sleepy face of that town. He even knew its ghosts. He also understood how, by parody of style, to annoy his rather more celestial brother, Robert Hugh. Arthur C. Benson, too, who wrote like blazes every evening from 5 to 7, was not impervious to brother Frederick's shafts.

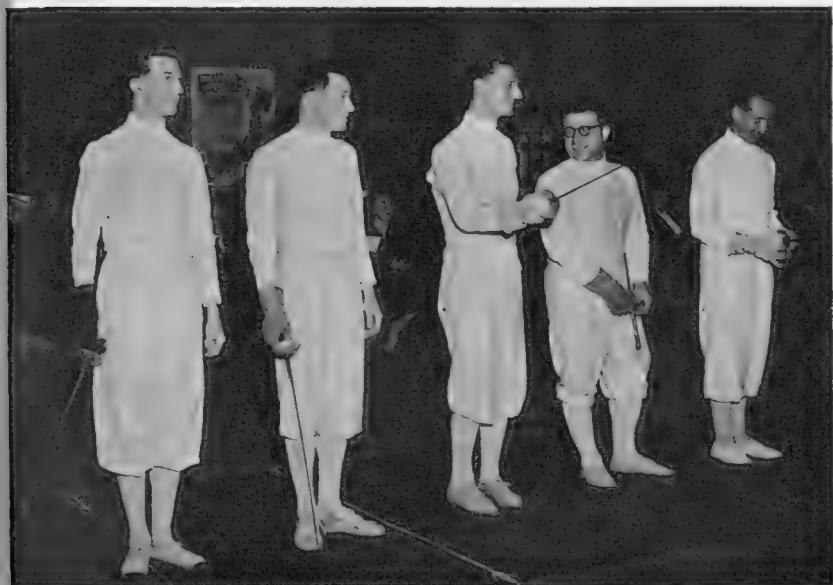
Arthur C. used to love to tell how, when he was ill in a nursing home, he had a letter from his old Eton's headmaster, Edward Lyttelton, to say that Lyttelton was coming to visit him that afternoon. The visitor came, but never reached the patient. He loved his staff, but he loved gardens even more, spent an ecstatic hour with the doctor among his roses, then left for home, with vague promises about the sending of an unusual carnation.

REVERTING to golf, as Lloyd George said to Clemenceau, I like Sam Snead's remark about A. D. Locke—"Bobby's O.K. He wants to make a million dollars." So it goes on. We are all used to solicitors who say, "My advice, six-and-eightpence, to you as my client, thirteen-and-fourpence, is not, one pound sterling, to proceed, one pound six-and-eightpence, with this suit, one pound thirteen and fourpence, because the other side, two pounds sterling, have, two pounds six and eightpence, a, two pounds thirteen and fourpence, far stronger, three pounds sterling, case, three pounds six and eightpence, than, three pounds thirteen and fourpence, we have, four pounds sterling and half-a-crown for the stamp."

But soon the instructors of the fairway will be putting the Commissioners for Oaths in the shade with, "The object, five pounds, of the game, ten pounds, of golf, fifteen pounds, is, twenty pounds, to elevate the, twenty-five pounds, ball, thirty pounds, and five guineas net for my autograph."

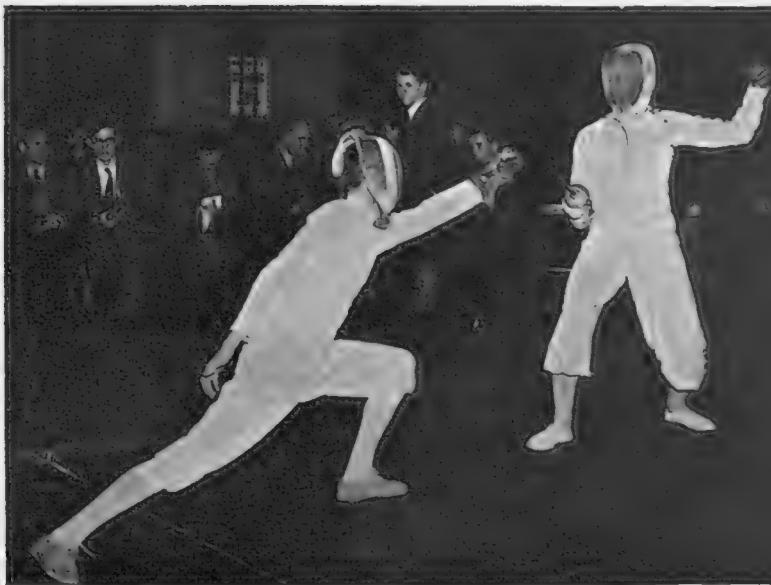
WHAT'S eating Huddersfield about having to play at Colchester? Colchester as Camulodunum was visited by Queen Boadicea when Huddersfield wasn't even a field.

R.C. Robertson-Glasgow.



French and English Fencers Have a Friendly Match in London

The Paris team: M. A. Rommel, M. C. N. Netter, M. Anthony, M. J. Froucht and Maître Roger Crosnier. The match was held at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea



A bout between the rival captains, Maître Roger Crosnier and J. Emrys Lloyd. Members of both teams will probably represent their countries in the forthcoming Olympic Games



The New Disney Film, "Fun and Fancy Free," describes the adventures of a small circus bear, Bongo, who escapes to live a life in the woods. But he learns, the hard way, that the conventions of the wild are vastly different from those of domesticity, and that, among bears, love is declared with a slap—the theme of one of the film's catchiest tunes

Elizabeth Bowen's Book Reviews

"I Fight to Live"
"Roman Britain"
"A House in the Uplands"
"Daisy Miller"

"*FIGHT TO LIVE*," by Robert Boothby, M.P. (Gollancz; 21s.), bears out its author's choice of a title: it is a fine fighting book. On the wrapper it is called autobiography, but actually throughout the greater part the personal narrative is submerged—*I Fight to Live* has, rather, the build of an exposition, or argument. In fact, we have something of a paradox: every page is charged with unusually high-voltage personality, but at the same time there is an objectivity unusual in the case of a person writing about himself.

As a life, this—still not much more than halfway through what can be taken to be the normal span—has certainly been a full one. Justifiably establishing this claim in the Introduction, Mr. Boothby refers to Aristotle's definition of the human good. "The human good," said Aristotle, "is an energy of spirit according to special capacity, and if there are several such capacities, then according to the best and fullest of them, but always in a full life."

It is not [the Introduction continues] mere egotism that has prompted me to make my treatment of the period between the two wars in the first half of this book autobiographical. It seems to me that no other method can, at the present stage, be of any value. We who have lived through them can never hope to see these years with any kind of objectivity. The best we can do is to try and lift a corner of the veil which ensouls them by revealing the impact and effect of certain situations, personalities, events and crises upon our own consciousness at the time. For this reason alone I have adopted Mr. Churchill's technique, and endeavoured—in his words—"to hang the record and discussion of world-famous events upon the thread of personal narrative." The reader will discover all too soon how inadequate for the theme is the discussion, and how apt the thread to break.

* * *

M R. BOOTHBY is of a generation of which—or so it is my impression—curiously few have taken to political life. Myself I have (as one of that generation) sometimes felt that this is to be regretted. Whether or not, Mr. Boothby's book cannot fail to have an especial and, as it were, inside interest for his contemporaries, whose viewpoint and what might be called age-group temperament he has carried into the arena of public affairs.

In the main, we have not been fighters; we have not been unaware of life, but we have tended to criticise it (a contribution possibly not in its way unuseful) rather than to attempt to influence its course. It is possible that by our choice in other directions, which has amounted, in the political sense, to an abstention, we have left, in the ranks, gaps which are apparent now. The generation ten years

younger than us, those who were young in the thirties, were politically minded: a blend of faith and fashion tended to send them, on the whole, to the Left. Mr. Boothby could, I suppose, be described as a fighting revolutionary of the Right. His conclusions are his own; but he has arrived at them by reacting, positively, to events which the rest of us may have no more than registered. We felt their repercussions; he has been in the heart of them since an early age.

On the subject of the generation in general—the post—the First World War generation—Mr. Boothby, on one of his early pages, quotes Dr. Joad, writing some years ago. "The post-war generation was notorious for scepticism in regard to belief and laxity in regard to morals; it also stood for freedom to think and act as one pleased, and for tolerance of those who thought and acted in ways other than those which pleased. . . . Those of us who grew to maturity during and immediately after the war are already in danger of surviving, like superannuated Regency Rakes, into a simpler and clearer world of dogma and certainty, where the knowledge both of what is right and

what is true is once again the possession of every thinking and unthinking man." Further, points out Mr. Boothby, authority and certainty were the keynotes struck in swift reaction to our easygoing methods and much-decried indulgences—in fact, our immediate juniors were dogmatically certain that they knew what was what. Communism and Fascism, accordingly, raised their heads.

* * *

ON the main, political matter of *I Fight to Live* I feel myself unqualified to comment—comment, that is to say, with the clearness, force and intelligence that the stuff deserves. Any incorrect résumé of the argument, specious deduction from facts presented or flighty comment on points made would be unfair to the reader, waste of space in these columns, and, in however small a way, disservice to Mr. Boothby.

This important, revealing and rousing work demands, obviously, discussion by a politically well-informed reviewer. All I can say is, I feel it to be a book with which anybody aiming to form a view at once of the political and the international scene over, roughly, the last twenty-five years, should grapple—it is long, close-packed and requires everything in the way of alertness that the reader has. It rewards alertness by its sheer interestingness and unfailing relevance to the position we find ourselves in to-day.

This is no time for the merely earnest, just as it is no time for the merely well-meaning and the nice. Mr. Boothby is something more fiery than earnest, at the same time something more sturdy and temperate than fanatical—possibly because he is a Scot? On the human side—which is to say, in the sphere of personalities—he is excellent. I thought him particularly good on the subject of Mr. Lloyd George, and his angle on the characters of (the then) Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Chamberlain, is not only his own but has the merit of unexpectedness. It cannot be unexpected that he should write well about Mr. Churchill.

Given the period covered by *I Fight to Live*, it is inevitable that much space should be occupied by the aftermath of the First World War and the foreshadowing of the Second. Several either unknown or overlooked elements in the Munich crisis are brought to light; and several background-facts of this last war, as supplied by him, ask for further thought and readjusted ideas. It is, for some reason, disturbing to have to feel that what has now become history could have been otherwise; it is, given what we have been through, almost unbearable to be asked to realise that the last war could have been averted. That, however, Mr. Boothby does ask of us; and one can but

RECORD OF THE WEEK

THERE are not many singers making records to-day who can trace their recording career back as far as 1904. But such is the truth about that fine singer Peter Dawson.

After having no new records from him since 1939, he returns to add new laurels to his reputation singing *Fret-Foot*, which, like *Boots*, is his own composition. On the reverse he sings Bruce Sievier and Pat Thayer's *Walk Down the Road*. These songs are typical of those with which he has regaled his world-wide public (with the exception of the recent war years) for over forty years.

In these days of gutless apathy it is a joy to have something alive and virile for a change. Peter Dawson is accompanied by an orchestra conducted by Harry Acres.

No one who hears this record can possibly be disappointed, and many who fancy their own chances as singers of songs will do well to listen very carefully to the way Peter Dawson uses his voice, thereby learning how important are restraint and diction. (H.M.V. B.9592)

Robert Tredinnick.



Jack the Giant-Killer makes his appearance in the later part of the film, *Jack*, of course, being the intrepid Mickey Mouse, helped by his slightly less valiant henchmen, Donald and Goofy. They adventure forth in search of a fairy harp which has been stolen by the giant, and are helped by the magical growth of the most luxuriant of all beanstalks

respect the relentlessness with which he does so. In this, as in other issues, he was, and is, to be seen as the apostle of an often unpalatable realism. As a people, we cannot afford to fight shy of realism again. His economic, as indivisible from his political, argument should be closely followed.

* * *

ROMAN BRITAIN," by Ian Richmond (Britain in Pictures Series; 5s.), is an only too brief but fascinating account of this island's first civilisation—civilisation as we now know the word. This was a benefit enforced—a concrete outcome of the Roman conquest. The Romans, having first landed in 55 B.C., for more than 400 years imposed their pattern of life on us. And what a pattern! Rome fell; her buildings here, demolished by violence or sheer time, gradually shelled into and were covered by our soil: it might appear that in the following centuries the Roman concept had been no less blotted out. On the contrary, it has preserved itself deep down in us; and, like the mosaics and foundations, inscriptions and bronzes from time to time uncovered by excavators, continues to reappear.

* * *

BRITAIN was a Roman-occupied country, in which what would now be called Resistance movements were for no long period ever quite at rest. The country was a colony to be developed; but at the same time presented a standing, if not always pressing, military problem: fortifications and communications were important, and, originally, all other development had to remain second to the military idea.

Dr. Richmond makes clear how, increasingly, the attractiveness of the Roman way of life, with its urbanities, came to be felt by the indigenous upper classes—Roman dress was in many cases adopted, Roman villas were imitated, Roman methods of education sought. On their side, the Romans, while suffering from

our climate, were not slow to acclimatise; they relished many amenities of our land—the legionaries, for instance, became enthusiastic eaters of oysters. (A large oyster-shell deposit was found outside one former Roman camp.)

At first, life tended to concentrate itself, for security reasons, inside the new, strong towns Dr. Richmond so vividly describes; later, when a more or less complete penetration of the country (other than the extremes of the North and West) had ensured things being under control, there was an outward movement on to estates. The by now traditional charm of country life, in fact, exerted itself; mansions built by richer families in the towns fell vacant or were given over to commerce; towns ceased in the social sense to be residential.

After some generations, I gather, it became almost impossible to distinguish the Roman who had struck British roots from the Romanised upper-class Britain. Colonial development was carried on steadily—land was drained, trade fostered, natural resources exploited; luxuries—wine, oil, marble for building, glassware, etc.—continued to be imports; but rougher industries, for which the raw materials were to be had locally, increased.

Roman Britain is admirably illustrated—chiefly with pictures of objects; everything from an elegant bronze lamp-stand of the second century A.D. to an army mess-tin of the first. Exquisite Rhenish flagons show how tables were set; a Cirencester carving portrays an auxiliary trooper in battle. . . . Dr. Richmond has been since 1943 Reader in Roman-British Archaeology at King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He was also, in 1944, appointed a Royal Commissioner for Historical Monuments in England and Scotland.

* * *

A HOUSE IN THE UPLANDS" (Falcon Press; 8s. 6d.) is decidedly not among Erskine Caldwell's brighter works. Of such brighter works there has been, I am bound

to say, as far as I know, one only—the recent, wholly delightful *Georgia Boy*. Myself, I wish he would continue in the comedy vein—but no, not for nothing was he the author of *Tobacco Road*: I suspect the depiction of decay, depravity and direness in America's Deep South to be a matter of conscience with him. I seem to have missed one book of his, *Tragic Ground*—of this, I see, the publishers say: "The story tells of people who exist . . . in poverty and lethargy."

The characters in *A House in the Uplands* are also, mainly, lethargic, though they have intervals of violence. The house in question is an Old Southern mansion, whose collapse is hastened, towards the end, by the owner's driving his car head on into the portico pillars. Lucyanne Dunbar, the bride, spends her time in tears, and one cannot wonder; her mother-in-law, Mama Elsie, systematically mentally tortures her; her husband, Grady Dunbar, divides his time between beating her, gambling, drinking and dallying with a Quadroon. The story relates how all this happens. Mr. Caldwell's direct and brilliant writing makes all this more readable-about than it might sound—none the less, it is hard to see what it is in aid of.

* * *

AFTER the above, a refresher is a very different kind of American writing—Henry James's exquisite early tale, *Daisy Miller*. This has been republished by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode as No. 1 in their Atlantis Series, 4s. 6d.—pocket or handbag size, *de luxe* production. I should have thought it impossible to have forgotten how good *Daisy Miller* is; but apparently I must have. Re-read, this story of an innocent, outrageous little American girl's scandalising of correct Roman society inspired in me, all over again, that divine surprise which is the first joy of reading. Those who find Henry James "difficult"—as, indeed, he became—should seek out this, his morning freshness, with *Daisy*.

Winifred Lewis

ON

FASHIONS

So be of good cheer; the clothes which will confront you in the Stores this coming Spring show no more than a mild tendency to turn you into an imitation of an egg-timer, unless, of course, you have the figure and the moral stamina, in which case you will, I hope, surrender to what is undoubtedly, and at its best, the most charmingly feminine and graceful silhouette for decades.

Apart from the rounder and more curvaceous general trend, the big news is in fabrics which are of a surprisingly high standard in many of the collections.

GABERDINE, that most pleasing and practical material for weathering an English summer, is the most important newcomer. America has exploited it with success for seasons past. Made up as suits and coats in delicate pastel colours—sometimes proofed—it tailors superbly, wears steadily,

as I have personally proved, and combines a summery lightness with the more substantial qualities so indispensable in our climate.

On the topic of fabrics, another big story with implications as far-reaching for Fashion as for the future of the whole textile industry is a new process of colour printing on fabric which promises to put this country twenty-five years ahead of competitors throughout the world.

Until now, not more than a dozen colours could be printed on fabric at mass-production speed and cost. By the new process an unlimited number can be used, a factor which, in itself, opens up a dazzling prospect in connection with design. The process can be employed equally well on cotton, wool, rayon, and even leather. The special significance of this is that it will soon be possible, for instance, to decorate a room with the same complementary design repeating itself on curtains, upholstery, leather, and even carpet. Prospects in the Fashion sense speak for themselves.

Production for the home market is limited at present, but some of the earliest examples of dress fabric—prototypes of exciting things to come—are available at Lady Newborough's shop at 4, Old Bond Street.

THREE is really no point in saying what a grand world it would be if all fashions were easy to wear, or is there? Fashion sense and dyspepsia have this at least in common, that if you know what to avoid, the consequences are apt to be less painful.

Some day Fashion will acknowledge the truth that, figuratively speaking, comparatively few of us have much in common with the Velasquez Venus. That will be a big day. In the meantime there is the New Look.

In contemplation of it most of us, I think, couple indignant opposition—entirely spurious—with an infatuated urge to achieve it by any means, including sorcery.

For those who lack inches and the requisite streamlining, the narrow waist, the billowing hips, the 12-in. hemline are about as pleasing in prospect as a Borgia cocktail. Nevertheless, the Back Room Boys of Fashion are not entirely unfeeling, and the Wholesale Collections, which have been adding their quota to the pre-Christmas rush for such as myself, show a reassuring bias on the side of sanity. Compromise, a term not always acceptable in relation to something as positive as a silhouette, has for once made a good showing.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Shore — Freke-Evans

The Hon. Frederick Maxwell Aglionby Shore, younger and only surviving son of Lord and Lady Teignmouth, married Miss Daphne Freke-Evans, only daughter of Mr. W. H. Freke-Evans, and of Mrs. Walden, of 41, Elvaston Place, S.W.



Van der Gucht — Strickland

Major Ben Van der Gucht, M.C., son of Major and Mrs. Van der Gucht, of Camberley, married Miss Pamela Sabina Strickland, elder daughter of the late Mr. Algernon Strickland, and of Lady Mary Lyon, of Gloucester, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Falconer — Hornsby

Surg. Lt. C. D. Falconer, son of Sir John Falconer, former Lord Provost of Edinburgh, married Miss Hermione Hornsby, of Tigh-na-mara, Nairn, daughter of Mrs. A. R. Chalmers, at St. Columba's Church, Nairn



Knight — Drake

Lt. Duncan Dalziel Knight, D.S.C., R.N., only son of Capt. H. A. Knight, R.N. (ret'd.) and Mrs. Knight, of The Priory, Bótedale, near Diss, Norfolk, married Miss Flavia Elizabeth Mackintosh Drake, younger daughter of Major F. V. Drake, M.C., and Mrs. Drake, of Walkern Croft, Stevenage, Hertfordshire



Wynn — Willoughby

Lt. Charles H. R. Wynn, Royal Navy, younger son of Col. and Mrs. Wynn, of Rhug, Corwen, North Wales, married the Hon. Hermione Willoughby, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Middleton, of Birdsall House, Malton, Yorks., in York Minster

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Sheila Mitchell, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. McLeod Mitchell, of Drummond House, Sunningdale, who has recently become engaged to Mr. Martin Morgan Hudson, younger son of the late Capt. B. M. Hudson, and of Mrs. Hudson, of Shipton Moyne, Tetbury, Gloucestershire



Miss Adeline Barbara Berthon, daughter of the late Col. C. P. Berthon, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Berthon, of Eaton Mews South, S.W.1, who is engaged to Lieut.-Col. Harold Lloyd-Carson, the East Lancashire Regiment, only son of Col. C. J. Lloyd-Carson, of Merioneth, and of the late Mrs. Lloyd-Carson



Miss Catherine M. Bonsor, only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. J. Bonsor, of Horsham, Sussex, who has become engaged to Capt. Henry James Wells Newton, Oxon and Bucks Light Infantry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Newton, of Biggin Ramsey, Huntingdon



The Hon. Diana Berry, youngest daughter of Viscount Camrose and Viscountess Camrose, who is to marry Mr. William Perine Macauley, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Macauley, of 47, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1



Mr. Hugh Murray Wells and **Miss Florence Cynthia Gillam**, who are engaged to be married. Mr. Murray Wells is the son of Mr. J. Murray Wells, and of the late Mrs. Murray Wells, of Oadby, Leicestershire, and Miss Gillam is the daughter of Mrs. T. J. H. Gillam, and of the late Major Gillam, of North Grimston House, Malton, Yorkshire. Miss Gillam is Master of the Middleton East Hunt



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Oliver Stewart

on FLYING

IT will not be long before the whole of Regent Street is occupied by the offices of air line companies. Fresh ones seem to spring up almost weekly. Some are pleasingly arranged and decorated, giving the desirable impression of speed, streamlining, aerodynamics and the rest of it.

Air lines show a superiority to other transport organizations in this ticket salesmanship; and it is the greater pity that currency and other restrictions should prevent them from reaping the benefits they deserve.

The uncontrolled millions who buy tickets from the railway companies make their purchases from a harassed clerk in a drab little ticket-window in a dreary booking "hall," yet the controlled thousands who buy air tickets do so from a magnificent major domo in a luxurious setting of carved wood and concealed lighting. The airway offices appear to be for silks and satins; the railway offices for rags.

It is an argument in favour of improved railway arrangements and not of worsened air line arrangements. Only the parsimonious will wonder how the air lines can afford to present their wares so lavishly.

Scents and Sensibility

ANOTHER matter concerned with the air transport façade has been in the news; the dress and personal adornment of women employees of one of the British Corporations. Perfume, my daily paper tells me, has been prohibited.

Now a friend who claims—on what authority I do not know—to be a sinologue, tells me that the Chinese say that the English smell like corpses. It depends, presumably, on the corpse. It seems that our friends of the Corporation—like some other innocents and nose-less ones—are under the impression, not only that the English do not smell like corpses; but that they do not smell at all (I have to add that in these delicate days I do not feel justified in using the Johnsonian "stink" in this context).

The official idea behind the prohibition was that without what the fuel chemists would call an aromatic additive, there would be no odour at all. Or is it that the great nationalized concerns think that the smells of clothes, carbolic soap and stale tobacco is airworthy; while the smell of a delicate perfume is too much like private enterprise? Seriously I regret that the Corporation has thought fit to interfere with the personal affairs of individuals.

Air Horse

AMONG an interesting set of aeronautical Christmas cards, one reached me showing the "air horse." This is the helicopter on which the Cierva company is engaged. It looks weirder than the fantasies of the pioneers and reminds one of an aeronautical Emmett; yet the calculated performance figures are good and the idea behind the aircraft is sound.

Meanwhile other British helicopters are making progress. The Fairey gyrodyne is reported to have made its first flight. The arrangement of its anti-torque airscrew, on a sort of outrigger at one side of the fuselage, is logical, whereas the anti-torque airscrew arranged at the tail, as in the Sikorsky, must clearly waste a certain amount of power. It can at no time contribute to the forward movement of the whole aircraft.

So whatever the result of the work on the Fairey gyrodyne, we must all applaud it as a bold experiment, which is thoroughly worth while. If full success crowns the effort of Dr. Bennett and his team it will be a magnificent achievement.

Mushroom Hangars

THERE is a new scheme for building hangars like mushrooms, with a central stalk and a dished roof, sheltering an annular area and looking rather like the fungus called *Lactarius deliciosus*. Some hangars of this

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type have been put up at an aerodrome near Brussels. They are for light aeroplanes; but designs for hangars to take much larger machines have been prepared.

An annular area would be likely to suit aircraft parking conditions better than a rectangular area as in the ordinary hangar, and the central "stalk" can be used for offices. Sliding doors are hung on rail-running round the edge of the roof. A fresh approach to hangar shape is needed; for existing hangars—which are derived from the old coach-house—demand too much wasteful manipulation of aircraft when they are being stacked.

Hangar space could also be economized by new devices incorporated in the aircraft itself. Gliders can be parked like bats, with their tails up and the American Navy has a fighter with a novel sort of tricycle undercarriage which can give a kneeling action. When the aircraft is on the deck, the nose wheel strut can be partly flexed and the aircraft puts its nose down and kneels like a circus elephant. In this attitude the aircraft can be stacked one close behind the other like steel chairs. There is a great saving of hangar space.

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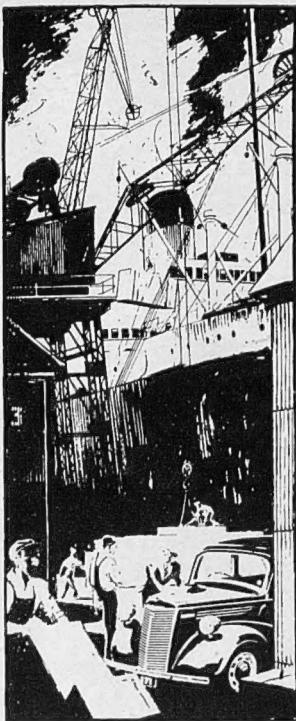
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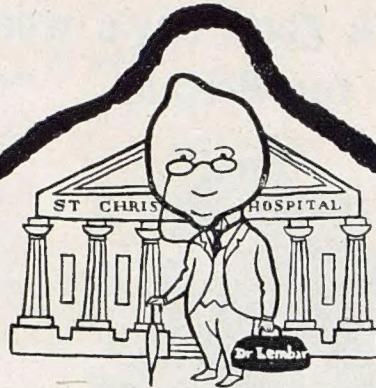
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